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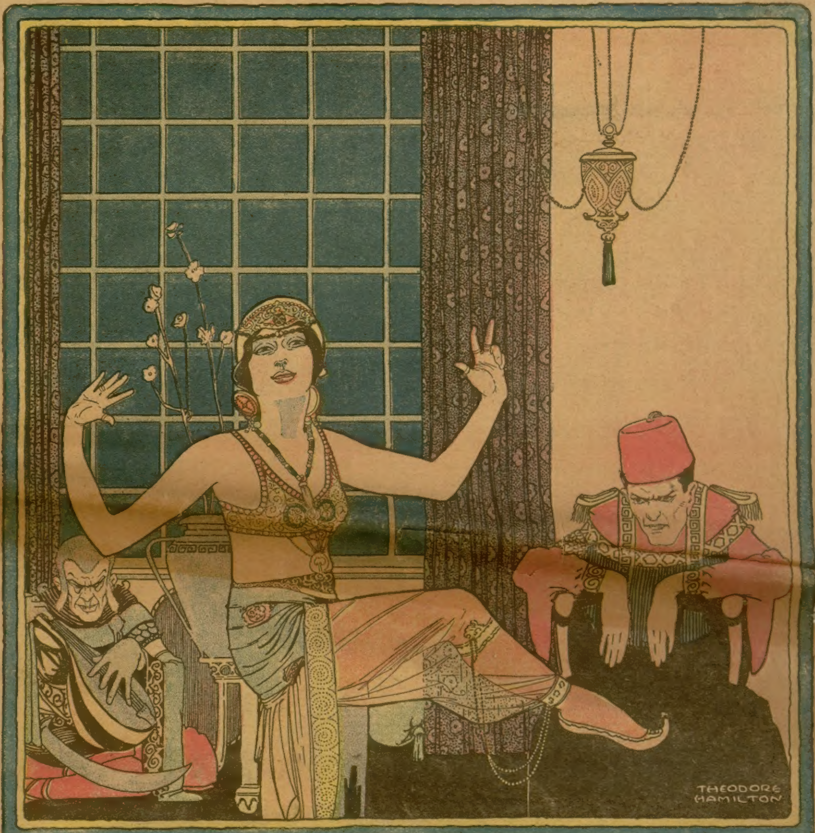

The Coral Emblem

-:- Or -:-

The Kidnaped Actress

By Willard E. Hawkins

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CHAPTER I.

AT 3 A. M.

IT WAS three o'clock in the morning when I stepped forth. I'm sure of that, because I walked out under the arc light in front of the factory gate and looked at my watch. At the same moment I became aware of a closed carriage standing motionless beside the curb.

Closed carriages on unfrequented side streets, three hours after midnight, suggest adventures. If you have ever been chemist of a paint factory, and in that capacity have toiled for ten days and nights to perfect a new varnish formula, you'll know how adventurous I felt. With only a glance at the carriage, I walked briskly past.

"Oh, if you please!"

To do myself justice, I was not quite sure that I had heard the call. But when I had quickened my steps and the appeal was repeated, I could hardly ignore it. Slowly I turned. The shadowy white contour of a face was visible at the carriage window.

"Did you speak, madam?"

"I am so glad you happened along," came in distressed tones. "I don't know what I shall ever do. Brooks has been gone over an hour and I can't imagine what has happened."

For the first time, I noticed that the driver's seat was empty. Undeniably, it was an awkward situation for the lady. My wits were working rather foggily. Before I could formulate the right thing to do, she again spoke timidly.

"Would it be too much to ask you to take me home?"

Obviously there was nothing for it except to comply. Before climbing to the driver's seat, I paused to inquire:

"What address?"

"Just drive straight ahead," she responded casually.

"But, madam, why not give me the number; then I——"

"No, I prefer to do it my way."

Her tone was actually petulant, as if she was doing me a favor! Inwardly, I cursed the driver for leaving me to the whims of this spoiled woman-creature, while he comfortably forgot his responsibilities, no doubt, in some convenient alehouse.

"Baldy will know the road," she added. "Suppose you start him."

The suggestion was logical. Evidently she referred to the [illegible]ry horse. Without further parley, I climbed to the box and, after some urging, woke the beast from a sound sleep. He started off at a slow jog trot, while I allowed the reins to sag loosely, leaving our course to his discretion.

In my exhausted, half-drowsy condition, the whole affair had the atmosphere of a dream—one of those fantastic dreams in which absurd things happen without causing much surprise. At one moment, I was a tired chemist making my way homeward after a hard session in the laboratory. A few moments later found me on the box of a strange cabriolet, driving a presumably fair unknown to a destination of which I had not the slightest idea.

We had covered several blocks in this way when I was roused to the realization that my passenger—fair or not, as the case might be—was endeavoring to attract attention.

I reined in the steed, and he promptly dropped off into a doze.

"I merely wished to ask you a question," she informed me, hesitatingly. "Would you please tell me whether all your policemen wear pink side-whiskers?"

"Do they what?"

She repeated the question.

This put a new face on matters. Obviously, the poor lady was unbalanced. The driver who had proved so remiss in his duty was probably intrusted with the task of giving the young woman—at least, I pictured her as young—her nightly airings. Her irresponsibility no doubt accounted for the choice of the after-midnight hours. "Do all your policemen wear pink side-whiskers?" Certainly the best thing to do was to humor her.

"No, madam," I replied soothingly. "Very few."

"Thank you," she murmured, and again we resumed our way, trusting to the homing instinct of Baldy to bring us up eventually at our destination. He turned the next corner with an assurance that gave me renewed confidence. Halfway down the block, however, a dark helmeted figure stepped into the road and roughly seized the bridle.

"Say, you," he demanded. "What d'ye think yer doin', out this time o' night?" He approached the front step. "Give an account of yourself," he insisted. "Where you driving to?"

His interference was utterly unwarranted. With a note of asperity, I replied: "I happen to be taking this lady home."

"Careful how you answer," he growled. Then he flashed a light and turned it full upon himself, significantly tapping the star on his blue-clad chest.

But the gasp I emitted was not at this evidence of authority. It was due [illegible] to what I saw [illegible] policeman's [illegible] side-whiskers. And they were——

Well, I simply can't break it any easier. The side-whiskers were pink. Not red, nor sandy, but coral pink. Artificial? No doubt, but why? Just a moment before, I had been considering it evidence of my passenger's unbalanced mind that she thought she had seen a policeman with pink side-whiskers, and now—I was seeing one myself.

"What kind of game is this?" I demanded. "If you are an officer of the law, I want to put this lady under your charge. She was out driving when her coachman deserted, and she seems unable to give an account of herself. I leave her to you."

With which, I alighted. My assurance had the effect of making him hesitate doubtfully. After a moment's indecision, he opened the door of the vehicle and directed his flashlight inside.

"Ah—h! Just as I thought!" he announced. "Where's the lady?"

I stared. Where was she, indeed? The carriage was empty. It was evident that she had become frightened and had slipped away unnoticed while our parley was going on.

"You're a cute one," he growled; "but I knew you were lying. I spotted you for a crook the minute I saw you. Who owns this rig? Where was you goin' with it?"

"I don't know," was my truthful response.

"Then you can come along and explain yourself."

I drew back angrily. "But the lady," I flared. "We can't go away and leave her——"

"Ferget it!" he admonished. "Tell your story to the desk sergeant. Jump in."

I jumped in. Chiefly because he propelled me by an unexpected onslaught from the rear. And the door was promptly slammed shut.

As the vehicle began moving, my immediate consideration was escape. Tell my story to the desk sergeant—certainly not! But a few moments' effort brought me face to face with the rather astonishing discovery that I could not break out as easily as had the demented young lady before me. The windows were locked hard and fast. Everything about the carriage had been constructed for strength and durability. It might have been specially built for kidnaping purposes. Kidnaping! I began to see a light.

The affair certainly did have a peculiar look. The young woman's remark, and the policeman's strange adornment—if he was a policeman, which there seemed strong reason to doubt—were far from normal. The fact that the carriage had been waiting in front of the factory gates when I emerged had a look, now that I considered it, of something more than coincidence.

But these reflections did not extricate me from my predicament—nor did a lot of vigorous kicking and hammering on the doors. Still I did not desist in my efforts until the wheels came to a sudden stop.

A moment's pause, then the door at my right was unlocked and jerked open. A heavily-built man, whom I at first took to be the policeman, stood at attention on one side. A second glance, however, informed me that, if he was the same, he had changed his attire for some kind of outlandish livery, tho the pink burnsides were still in evidence.

"This way, my lord," said the pink-whiskered functionary, bowing with deep respect.

"Now, what," I began, springing for the step, "what in the name of all that's——"

Abruptly I paused, to flash a glance of reconnoissance around the covered courtyard. There was little enough to see. A worn flight of stone steps led up to a small vestibule set in a dingy stone wall. The groom stood deferentially, his hand extended to indicate that I was to ascend. But it may be surmised that I did no such thing.

Satisfied with the one quick glance with which I took in my surroundings, I threw all my weight into a short-arm jolt directed at the groom's chest. It took him by surprise, for as I turned and bolted for the courtyard gate, he stumbled backward with a gasping "Woof!"

But my escape was not to be made so easily, for all that. Before I could reach the high gate, a dark, oddly attired little figure sprang into my path from behind the carriage, a deadly looking scimiter brandished threateningly over his head.

All my desire to flee in that direction vanished with one glance. If you have ever visited the Metropolitan Museum and looked at the grotesque, yet frightful suits of armor worn by the ancient Japanese warriors, you have seen about what I saw prancing eagerly in my path.

In my moment of hesitation, the groom recovered himself and hurried forward. He firmly grasped me by the arm.

"This is the way, my lord," he repeated deferentially

"Look here!" I jerked, in an unsuccessful effort to escape his grasp. "Why do you insist on calling me that?"

"Because, my lord," and this time there was a note of impatience in his reply, "it is proper so to address the prince consort-to-be of Nagarusalem."

What nonsense was he giving me, anyway? I should have protested further, but the Samurai—he could have been scarcely four feet tall—now took hold of my other arm, and I—well, I let them walk me up the steps, thru the doorway, and into the dark hall, which led back to a small, stifling den.

"Your lordship's room will be ready in a few moments," said the liveried groom. He glided away, leaving the dwarfed warrior glaring at me from the doorway. Evidently I was under guard.

He proceeded to remove the grotesque helmet which had covered his face. But the disclosure was no improvement. He was a dark-skinned Japanese, as I had surmised, but his cheeks were decorated each with an absurd bunch of false side-whiskers—pink, I do honestly declare.

We stared at each other for a moment in unamiable silence. Incense fumes from a tawdry brazier filled the air. I found it difficult to keep awake. The whole affair had about as much coherence and probability as a passage from the "Arabian Nights." But even in my fagged and drowsy condition, I had sense enough not to take the happening at its face value. If it was a joke, the play had been carried criminally far. But the actions of my captors had an ominous look.

"Boy," I finally ventured, "perhaps you can tell me what this means?"

I drew forth a handful of small change—all the money there happened to be in my pockets. He shook his head, but extended a clawlike hand and snatched the coins.

In return, however, neither did he relax his vigilance, nor could I draw from him any information. Honeyed promises of great reward, if he would release me, fell, apparently, upon deaf ears. Presently he silenced my flow of argument by a threatening gesture with his scimiter. I sank into a low carved chair.

"You will find Tatsagawa entirely incorruptible."

At the unexpected remark, I turned and became instantly alert. Possibly my crude manner of narration will make it seem that I fell asleep; but I declare upon my honor that I could not have dreamed such things. I am not imaginative, and the general character of my sleeping fancies is utterly commonplace.

The den into which I had been ushered was a tiny affair jammed with tawdry Oriental furniture, lanterns, and knicknacks. But when I turned, in response to the rippling observation, I discovered that a curtain at the rear had silently been raised. On a divan at one side reposed the young person who had made the remark.

She reclined on the couch like a reincarnation of Cleopatra, her face supported in the palm of a jewel-covered hand. With an enigmatical smile at my amazement, slowly and languorously she raised herself from the divan. At the barbaric beauty of her costume, my breath came in a gasp.

Soft, tinkling melody filled the air. Glancing about, I discovered Tatsagawa crosslegged in the doorway, bending over a queer-shaped mandolin affair, from which arose the weird strains.

As for the scene that followed, I must be content with glossing over it in a few awkward phrases. I can only say that she danced—yet, perhaps, the word does not convey the right impression. There was no quick rhythm. Say, rather, that her lithe figure postured in a series of living pictures, each attitude dissolving into the next with perfect grace. No doubt, there must have been some symbolism thruout, but the significance of it was over my head.

The dancer stopped finally in a kneeling posture in front of a bizarre altar on the far side of the room. The music ceased; the musician abruptly rose, exchanging his lute for the scimiter, and pointed compellingly toward the door.

With a lingering glance at the delicate figure kneeling before the altar, I silently obeyed, permitting him to guide my stumbling footsteps where he would. We ascended the dark stairs and entered a sleeping-room at the first landing. My jailer switched on a light—the first modern act I had seen performed in this house. Then he pointed to a divan and withdrew.

I did not even try the door, for I knew it would be locked, but threw myself down, too utterly tired even to wonder at my predicament.

CHAPTER II.

PRINCE MUGGLETON.

IN THE morning, however, wonder and apprehension had full sway. I speak of it as morning, altho, as a matter of fact, I had no way of judging the time. My apartment was still illuminated by electricity. The solitary window was heavily shuttered and protected by a fretwork of iron bars.

The first consideration, obviously, was to learn why I was being imprisoned and what the prospects were for immediate release. There must be no delay about this, either. To fail my employers on this day of days meant possibly that the work of months would come to nothing.

I should explain, perhaps, that, in my capacity as chemist for the Peerless factory, I had been called into the executive office a few months previously. In the judgment of Stephen Mandeville, our manager, the great American market was ripe for the exploitation of a new and widely applicable varnish.

The details he had obligingly worked out. The prospectus he handed me set forth the merits of "Granitoila," a quick-drying varnish, hard as iron, capable of high polish, and obtainable at all paint stores. Any child could use it, with marvelous results. Applied to old furniture, or a splintered, worn-out floor, the effect was magical. It would not crack or peel, was impervious to weather, and—I don't remember that it could be used as pancake sirup in an emergency, but if not, that was the only bet Mandeville overlooked.

As I say, the details had been perfected by the boss. All that remained for me to do was to invent the substance.

But that was what I had been hired for. After three months of downright hard labor, I showed Mandeville the results. He admitted that his expectations had been fairly well met, and after some modification of his advertising matter, which was already in the hands of the agents, he gave a general order, releasing it all over the country. "Granitoila, the Perfect Lacquer," ran the legend, which was to be emblazoned from every signboard and from the pages of every magazine.

And just at this time—with a great quantity of the varnish ready and on the point of being shipped—came a jolt. We were refused a patent and enjoined from manufacturing Granitoila, because it violated certain patents just taken out by the Quicklac Varnish Company, a concern of which I had never before heard.

For a time it looked like ruin. It was on my urging that Mandeville laid the matter before the board of directors and secured their consent to ten days of grace, before making the failure public by the bankruptcy proceedings that seemed inevitable. And how I did work during those ten days! But I had succeeded. When I stepped forth from the factory gates that morning at three, it was with the consciousness that I could place a varnish formula in Mandeville's hands that would permit him to go a little stronger, if anything, in his advertising.

And now I had floundered into this crazy scrape.

Refreshed and determined, I leaped to the floor and thoroly examined the barred window, the walls, and the door. Then I sat down weakly on the edge of the divan. It began to look as if nothing less than a miracle or a kit of burglar tools would release me from the prison, as long as my captors willed that I should remain.

The situation was absurd. Every time I recalled the events of last night and glanced at my surroundings, the sight and memory did violence to what I had hitherto been pleased to call my intelligence.

Altho I had dropped asleep some hours before, without undressing, I had awakened clad in pajamas of scarlet hue. My own clothes were gone. In their place, a pile of bright-colored, unfamiliar garments lay neatly folded on a chair.

A bell cord convenient to the bed attracted my attention. My first tug was answered immediately. Tatsagawa stood bowing in the doorway, tho, for all his deference, the scimiter hung suggestively from his belt.

"My clothes—at once," I demanded.

"Hon'able much oblige," he answered softly, closing the door.

In five minutes he returned, bearing a covered tray, which he placed on a small table, removing the cover with a flourish. A delicious odor of steaming coffee scented the air. The question of garb could wait. Forgetful of my fantastic crimson pajamas, I drew up a chair and ate heartily—the Japanese, with his grotesque pink burnsides, watching the while thru impassive eyes.

Presently satisfied, I allowed him to carry away the tray. On his return, my servitor snatched up one of the garments hanging over the chair and held it toward me. I shook my head firmly.

"My own clothes, if you please."

Tatsagawa seemed inclined to argue the question by force. In desperation, I finally suggested:

"Bring old muttonchops, himself. Here——" I gave a tolerable imitation of a man stroking a set of burnsides.

The pantomime was effective. Five minutes later the tall groom appeared. He was no longer in livery. The epaulets on his shoulders and the generous distribution of gold lace suggested some kind of military office.

"See here," I began angrily, "whatever is the meaning of this, you've picked the wrong victim. I want my clothes, and I want them blamed quick."

He eyed me reproachfully.

"The clothes befitting a consort for the Queen of Nagarusalem have been placed at your disposal."

"Cut it!" I demanded. "I don't understand your game, and I'm not the consort of anybody's queen, and furthermore I have important business elsewhere."

"Your present business is to obey her majesty's wishes." The tone was respectful, but there was a hard glint in his eyes that had anything but a soothing effect.

"Is this a plain blackmailing scheme?" I demanded. "In case it is, name your price promptly. Anything within reason—for it's simply imperative for me to be at the factory this morning."

"Yes, my lord," he replied with perfunctory interest. "Shall I call Tatsagawa to assist you with your dressing?"

At his indifference my first impulse was to attack him physically. The situation was growing serious. What sinister game had I become involved in? I put the question to him forcefully.

"My lord," he explained, with an air of extreme patience, "you are marrying the Queen of Nagarusalem."

"Rot! I want the straight——"

"And you shall have it," he interrupted smoothly. "And since you seem to doubt the importance of our undertaking, let me inform you that the State of Nagarusalem was founded something like a century and a quarter ago by his mightiness, Philip Nagar the First, who also founded the religious sect of Nagarists. After being driven from England by religious persecution, our forefathers landed upon a large island near the east coast of South America. The people have preserved their identity and still follow the traditions handed down by his revered mightiness."

But I wasn't interested in his national

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history, real or imaginary. The question upon which I required an answer was, how long he intended to keep me penned up.

He answered calmly: "When you have gone thru the marriage ceremony, my lord, you will be given your freedom."

"Ceremony! Marriage ceremony! Why, I don't want to marry your Queen—or anybody. It's the most ridiculous suggestion I ever——"

His imperturbability vanished in a black frown.

"My lord, if your ignorance did not excuse you, the vengeance of our departed Nagar would have descended to smite you dead for such blasphemy. See that it does not occur again."

He stalked from the room in dignified anger—if you are able to conceive of dignity in pink side-whiskers. I should have made a rush to escape, but there was Tatsagawa and his long blade in the doorway. It would be as well to postpone the attempt.

The Jap entered, closing the door after him. His orders were evidently clear and concise, and he possessed the muscular energy to back them. A liberal admixture of jiujitsu aided him in carrying out his purpose. In spite of my struggles, I confess that he had me completely attired in the despised garments within less than six minutes, and I cannot honestly say that I had landed a single effective punch.

The clothes I fell heir to outdid the wildest imaginings of a comic opera costumer. A general Zouave effect was intensified by the red fez surmounting my head. The part which had been applied to my legs—I refuse to insult the sartorial profession by calling them trousers—was bright yellow. The crimson coat was trimmed with gold lace and surmounted by great fringed epaulets, of a pattern I have never seen equaled outside of the French comic papers.

Tatsagawa now deftly laid me on the floor. Extending a gorilla-like arm, he drew forward the small table on which I had seen him deposit a black case when he entered. From the case he drew something, which was the signal for an agonized protest on my part.

"Let me go, you heathen son of Nippon! I won't wear them. I——"

But nothing could stop that Jap when once he set out to do a thing. Three minutes later I scrambled erect—a mirth-provoking, pink-whiskered monstrosity, like my two impossible captors. The moment my arms were free, I tore the things from my cheeks and flung them across the room.

Tatsagawa regarded me with solemn disapproval. Then he glided forward and garnered my arms. One, two, three, four, five—five taps centered on the small of my back, and the tiny blows left me so weak that I reeled into a chair.

Before I could recover, the pink fringe was once more glued into place. Silently Tatsagawa gathered up his belongings and withdrew.

With the odds so clearly in favor of my opponents, and the memory of Tatsagawa's jiujitsu fresh in mind, I decided to let the sideburns stand, for the present. Perhaps the best thing to do would be to humor my captors. Whether they were crazy or playing some deep game, compliance might serve my ends better than opposition. I simply must maneuver somehow to escape. Even if the price of freedom was marriage, I would pay it, if no other way offered.

Later on, I had another visit from my chief keeper. As a result of my thinking spell, I permitted him to enter without hostility, at which he seemed relieved.

"Let's talk this matter over calmly and dispassionately," I suggested. "In other words, get down to business."

"With pleasure, my lord. As private secretary to his honorable highness, Prince Muggleton, Grand Vizier of the realm, I shall be glad to discuss—ah—business—as you term it."

"Well, then, would you object to telling me what this means? Why do you insist on keeping me here, and sticking these detestable ornaments on my face?"

He looked glum, but answered civilly enough:

"The founder of our religion, his royal mightiness, Philip the First, was distinct from other men because of the unusual, not to say striking, color of his hirsute appendages. Out of respect to his memory, all male children of the nation have worn the distinguishing tint upon their faces, cut after the fashion of their great and holy progenitor."

"I suppose, then, that if it comes in black or sandy, they are forced to don false whiskers to keep up with the style?"

He nodded in all seriousness. "And it is specified in the great book wherein our most royal founder wrote the laws, that no woman of Nagarusalem shall marry a man outside the faith. When you donned the pink whiskers, it was, according to our customs, a confession of faith, corresponding to your baptism. Furthermore, the Queen must marry a man of royal blood. It was because we have traced your ancestry and discovered that you are a direct lineal descendant of Frederick, first King of Prussia, that we chose you for this honor."

"I never heard of such a family tree," was my truthful response.

"We have investigated very carefully, my lord. There can be no mistake."

"You mean—coming down to cases—that I've got to go thru with a marriage?"

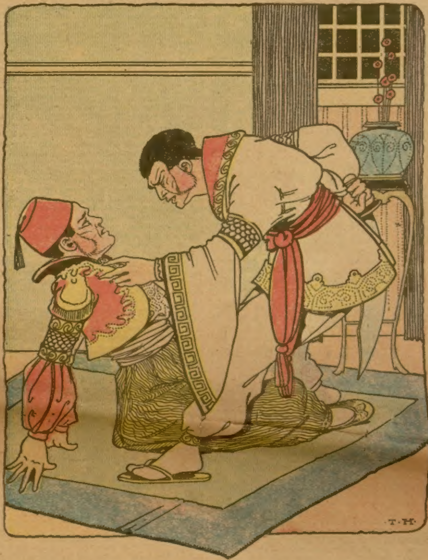
"You are to become the Prince Consort," he responded crisply. "And, lest you undervalue the honor, let me tell you that any noble in the kingdom would have been glad of such an opportunity—aside from the conditions."

"Conditions!"

"The man our Queen marries must grant her an absolute divorce, taking effect six months after the ceremony, and leaving her free to wed the Grand Vizier. Prince Muggleton is not of royal blood—he is a man of the people who has risen by sheer ability."

"But won't he still be of plebeian blood six months from now?"

"The law simply demands that the Queen shall marry a man of royal blood. It does not say that she must marry only men of royal blood. Note the distinction, my lord. Once she has complied with the conditions, it would seem to be the intention that her future marriages shall be unhampered."



Nothing could stop that Jap!

"Look here," I demanded. "Am I guaranteed an absolute divorce within six months after this compulsory marriage?"

"You must abide by the conditions," he transposed my thought.

"Then," I exclaimed excitedly, "I'll play the game. If you rush this thru before tonight, I'll forgive and forget everything!"

But he only nodded his head disapprovingly. Such a tone was unseemly, it appeared, when applied to the matter of her royal highness' wedding. And it was quite out of the question to grant my request, because the ceremony would not be complete until the seven dances of the Sacred Seal had been performed by the Queen in the presence of her prospective husband. The dances were to be given one each day, and they formed an integral part of the marriage service. I had witnessed the first on the night of my arrival, and it was now time for me to give my presence to the second of the series.

So my hopes for a speedy release were shattered. Inwardly fuming, I followed, at his command. As we left my prison room, he considered a moment, then whispered a caution.

"Excuse me, my lord. His highness, the Grand Vizier, is unfortunately of a very jealous disposition. It angers him, naturally, to think of another man in the act of marrying his beloved Queen. I merely mention it to put you on your guard."

What wild, impossible developments were still in store for me? As we reached the head of the stairs two figures emerged from the gloom below. Tatsagawa I recognized. The other man was tall and dark—this much the poor light revealed—and as he approached I had a full view of the outlandish pink burnsides in a new combination. "His highness, Prince Muggleton," whispered the secretary.

Our glances met vengefully. And suddenly, as the tall Vizier passed the secretary and myself on the stairs, he whirled.

"When this is over, you dirty beast, so help me Heaven, I'll kill you like a dog!" he hissed.

CHAPTER III.

A WEIRD WEDDING.

WE HAD reached the foot of the stairs before I could think of a sufficiently scathing reply, and my anger slowly cooled during the next half-hour, under the soothing influence of the second nuptial dance.

The performance was all too brief. For the time I forgot my unwillingly neglected responsibilities, in purely esthetic enjoyment. But Tatsagawa inexorably drew me from the scene, leaving the Queen in her final posture of adoration before the altar.

The secretary had been waiting outside the door. He spoke in a low voice as we returned to my room.

"His excellency, the Grand Vizier, has some peculiarities," he acknowledged. "As you see, he is insanely jealous, and to placate him, my lord, it would be wise for you to sign the divorce agreement immediately."

He drew several sheets of pen-written paper from an inside pocket, and spread them out on the table. In a few moments I had signed a long and rambling marriage contract and a follow-up in the shape of a guaranteed divorce, which the secretary solemnly maintained was strictly in accordance with the laws of his kingdom.

"I trust matters will now be more satisfactory to your lordship," he observed with dignity.

But more satisfactory they certainly were not, during the days following. My hopes of advancing matters to a speedy conclusion were disappointed. It would be idle to recount all my unsuccessful devices for escaping. My mental state can be imagined.

I had now learned the extent of the household—at least I saw no more pink-whiskered males, and if the Queen possessed a maid or other attendants, they were kept rigidly out of sight. The nuptial dances were held with regularity. The first two had been given for my benefit alone. After the signing of the contract, however, the Grand Vizier added his presence to all performances. We sat in opposite corners of the room and glowered at each other.

But our relations went no further than the glaring stage until the last day. There was an unrest in the air, following the sixth dance of the Sacred Seal, that I could not exactly define. Tatsagawa went about with a funereal countenance. The secretary was nervous and irritable. Half the time he forgot to say "my lord" in addressing me. I had a notion to jack him up about it.

Toward the usual hour for the Queen's performance, the Jap entered with a new bundle of raiment which he indicated by gestures that I was to don. The regalia was frightful. The things might have been designed to accent my stockiness and to make me utterly ridiculous. Evidently some important development was about to take place.

The secretary hastily enlightened me a few moments later. My time had come. The final act of the marriage ceremony was at hand.

I was positive that only six dances had been given, but there was no sense in reminding him of the fact.

"At the sound of the gong," he explained hurriedly, "you will descend the stairs and take your place in front of the altar. Everything depends upon your absolute silence, no matter what may happen. Since you are a stranger to our customs, I will add that in the marriage service of Nagarusalem, the bridegroom must maintain perfect silence thruout."

Very well, rather than run the risk of delaying what seemed a real prospect of escape, I would keep silent.

He departed, leaving my door ajar for the first time; and I entertained thoughts of a break for freedom. Better judgment told me, however, that a rash act would jeopardize my approaching release.

I had not long to wait. A frightful medley of sound which rose from below evidently was the signal gong of which my jailer had spoken. I lost no time in descending the stairs.

The room where the sacred dances had been held was sufficiently darkened to give everything a ghostly tinge. On the braziers flanking the altar before which Queen Ethalind had made her adoration, fitfully flared two red flames which constituted the only light.

As I approached this altar, the figure seated crosslegged upon the elevated crest desisted from his energetic assault upon the gong. He was shrouded in a black domino, and at first I could not quite place him.

The respite was brief. Suddenly he threw his whole energy into a renewed attack upon the gong, which he kept up with deafening effect for a lengthy period. Once he paused and listened, as if the delayed response puzzled him; but at the sound of footsteps on the stairs he lustily recommenced.

Facing the door, I waited, curious to see how the fantastic Queen would be attired on her wedding day.

The procession entered. It consisted of a tall figure in loose, flapping attire, surmounted by a rakish tam-o'-shanter, and with a long robe upheld like a train by the private secretary. I recognized the outlandishly garbed figure as that of the so-called Prince Muggleton. There was no sign of my bride-to-be.

The events of the next few moments I can only suggest—so many things happened at once that [illegible] detail would be a fatal strain [illegible] poor powers of description.

To begin with, when the Grand Vizier approached to within about six feet of the altar, he suddenly threw a fit. I can describe it in no other words. He leaped toward me with a yell and only the secretary's firm grip upon the robe saved me from the onslaught. The Prince fell back like a bulldog that had unexpectedly reached the limits of his chain, but he was on his feet again almost instantly.

Then the high priest dived from the altar above us, and the three of them, Grand Vizier, secretary, and priest, rolled on the floor in a seething heap. I recognized the priest at last—he was Tatsagawa. The only distinguishable words came from the throat of Prince Muggleton: "Let me go! Let me at him!"

In a trice I was safely down at the end of the hall, eagerly shaking the street door knob in a fumbling effort to escape. A firm grip on my collar interrupted this endeavor. The secretary stood looking down upon me with a stern and reproachful expression.

"To your room at once, my lord!" he said, and there was little deference in the command, despite its respectful form. "One word, and we shall have everything to do over."

Before I could demand, much less receive, an explanation, I had been hustled up the stairs and confined once more in my prison, fuming with indignation. And I had thought the foolishness about at an end!

The secretary rushed away after seeing me safely under key, but, somewhat breathless, he finally returned. A discolored patch had begun to manifest itself around his left eye. He appeared slightly embarrassed.

"Well," I demanded, "have you succeeded in calming your lunatic?"

His want of alacrity in answering caused me to add: "I suppose it's the usual song and dance about jealousy. Now that we understand that, suppose you tell me when I'm to be set free."

"No, my lord, you are mistaken," he said, in a low tone. "It was not jealousy which prompted this—er—manifestation on the part of his highness. It was the discovery of an oversight, my lord."

He unwound from his left forearm a

(Continued on Page 9.)

Fires in the Night

-:- Or, -:-

In Pioneer Days

By Willis E. Link

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CHAPTER VII.

CUPID TRIUMPHS.

AFTER Doctor Donald had departed, Tina had some duties of the evening which needed her attention, and she went around with a song upon her lips, for there was surely joy in her heart. There was another glorious day to look forward to. One week more, then she would ride to Algona, see the "Biggest Show of All Time," ramble about the city, and in the evening have a long, delightful drive back home. All these things would be wonderfuly satisfactory, because she would enjoy them with one who was so congenial.

She had gone to her room to retire for the night, and as she sat upon her bed before beginning to undress, thinking happily of the hours when she would be with Walter Donald, like a flash of lightning the truth came to her. She loved him with all her heart and soul and body. For a few minutes she was in a state of inexpressible ecstasy over this knowledge. She could ask nothing more of the Creator than the privilege of being the companion of the man of her heart all along thru the journey of life. How very happy she would be and how she would strive to be a real helpmate!

Then came a reaction. The Doctor had spoken no word of love to her. Why should she expect this? Simply because he had shown her some little attention, she had to make a fool of herself! Come to look at things reasonably, why should he choose her when there were plenty of other girls superior to herself in many ways, who would be all that he could desire when it came to letting love into his heart? Yes, she knew she could hold her own with almost any girl as to looks, for her glass told her that she was indeed pretty, and it was probably for this reason that the Doctor wished her company. He could pass some pleasant hours this way, and when out among people he need not be ashamed of his companion, for those around would not know how low was her station and how unstored her mind. She must keep these things ever before her, but it was going to be a hard task to crush down the love in her heart. She almost wished there was to be no trip to Algona, yet down in her heart she knew she wanted to go.

Depressed and miserable, she undressed and climbed into bed. There [illegible] before she tossed about [illegible] eyes in sleep. It seemed to her that she had scarcely dropped into slumber, but it was really far into the night, when she was awakened by Mrs. Older. The woman spoke rapidly, saying that her husband had been taken sick and was growing worse every minute. A doctor was needed, and could Tina run over to the Kingsley place and have Bill hurry to Ledyard?

Tina declared she would go to Ledyard herself. Mrs. Older knew that the girl did not fear being out in the night, and as haste seemed necessary, she raised no objection to the proposed ride in the dark. Tina moved quickly, and soon was riding a horse as rapidly as the condition of the road permitted toward Ledyard. She was on the roundabout road and had nearly reached the site of the former Conway cabin, where, thru the gloom, she could faintly see the outline of the small barn, when by its side she saw what seemed to be the light of a match as it was struck. At first thought she supposed a tramp was lighting his pipe, but the next moment there was a blaze from the loose straw or hay, and by this light a man was seen running away until he disappeared into the darkness.

What did this mean? Was it a miserable tramp or some depraved boy setting fire to the deserted building? A conflagration always seems to draw one toward it, and this small one drew Tina. Curiosity—or was it the Omnipotent answering the prayer which at that very moment had left the lips of the intended victim within the blazing barn?—made her forget the urgency of her mission, and she galloped up to the burning structure. As she paused in front of it, a muffled cry came from the inside.

For an instant Tina sat rigid upon her horse, a sensation akin to fear coming over her. Another cry came plainly, and the girl leaped to the ground and rushed to the door which stood wide open. The fire was now leaping up the whole end of the building, and smoke was filling the upper portion inside, but as Tina glanced thru the doorway at the opposite end, the flames shone thru the cracks between the boards by which the lower portion was fairly well illuminated.

One swift survey showed the figure of a man lying upon the floor, and the next instant she was by the side of the outstretched figure tugging with all her strength to drag the burden outside.

"I'm tied to something. Get my knife from the right pocket and cut the rope," came to her ears, and a fierce excitement took possession of every nerve, for she recognized the voice of Doctor Donald. The bandage had been weakened by the long repeated efforts during the night, and in a wild, desperate effort the Doctor had partially torn the obstruction from his mouth.

It was but a few seconds until the knife was in the girl's hand, the rope was cut, and with superhuman strength she dragged the bound man out of the door just in time to escape the flames now surging along the side. Almost suffocated with the smoke, which nearly filled the interior after her entrance, she hardly had the power to escape the scorching blaze, but making one more effort she had her burden out of immediate danger. Altho she was trembling in every limb, she managed to cut the bonds still fastening the Doctor, then she dropped to the ground in a paroxysm of sobbing.

"My deliverer, my darling!" She heard the words uttered brokenly, and the man attempted to arise, but the confinement of the past few hours, together with his terrible exertions, had left him almost helpless for the time being, and he sank back upon the ground. The heat was growing decidedly uncomfortable, and this, perhaps with the words she had heard, aroused Tina from her collapse, and she assisted the staggering man back to a place of absolute safety, while her heart pounded furiously, for she knew his arms were clinging to her.

"A few minutes ago I thought I never again would speak to the one I love so dearly," she heard him say, and every fiber of her being thrilled with the words. "I owe my life to you, and I wish I might have your heart, so that I can give all the days thru the coming years into your hands," came earnestly and solemnly from the Doctor's lips.

"And tonight I have been calling myself weak and foolish, because—" She hesitated, and in some way her hand had become imprisoned in a clasp she was not trying to loosen. "[illegible]" came in a questioning inflection.

"Because I had given you my heart," she whispered.

"My love, my darling!" came from the lips of the lover, and in an almost miraculous way he had recovered the use of his limbs, while his arms pressed the yielding figure to his breast with an ardor completely satisfying.

The stable was now a mass of flames, and standing in the glaring light thus afforded, the old, old story of love was rehearsed by two happy mortals. And no one saw, for no one passed along the road, and no one happened to notice the fire at this time of night—or morning, rather.

"I am forgetting everything," suddenly exclaimed Tina, in a tone of distress. "Mr. Older is very sick, and I was on my way to Ledyard to call for Doctor Donald."

"My small medicine case is in my pocket; my large one is in my buggy, wherever that is. We will go at once to your home, and on the way there I can tell you what I know about getting in such a situation as you found me."

Tina's horse was not far away busily cropping the grass. The lover assisted his sweetheart upon the back of the animal, and walking alongside he told his experience of the night. The two were not long in reaching the Older house, and the suffering man was found to be no worse than at Tina's departure. It was an attack of stomach trouble, and with medicine from his pocket case the doctor had his patient much better by daylight.

When Older became easy, the dastardly assault and attempted murder were discussed by the whole household, but no light could be thrown upon the matter. The Doctor thought of Jay Bentley, but surely the man would not commit such a terrible deed to "get even" over that little affair upon the street in Ledyard. Tina also thought of Bentley, but she had pledged her word, and she must hold her promise sacred, unless she learned there was strong evidence against the fellow. Then she felt that she might tell what had happened upon the prairie.

Breakfast was over, and the Doctor was standing upon the porch talking to Mrs. Older in regard to her husband. Just then Conway drove along the road, and in the buggy with him were Percy Howard and Jay Bentley. The latter, as far as the Doctor could see, showed no trace of surprise when he glanced toward the house and saw the two persons.

"If Bentley is guilty, he evidently has another alibi," said the Doctor, dryly.

"Do you think Conway and Howard would perjure themselves?" asked Mrs. Older.

"I have no real reason for thinking so," was the thoughtful reply, "only I do not have much confidence in them—Conway, especially—but I can't tell why."

Early in the morning the Kingsleys had been communicated with, and Mrs. Older's brother came over to attend to the "chores." Soon after the trio passed, Kingsley had a team ready to take the Doctor back to Ledyard. Arriving in town, it did not take long to learn that the destruction of the barn during the night had been discovered and was being discussed with considerable interest. Who set the fire and why was a mystery. Not a syllable was heard in regard to the diabolical plan to end the life of Doctor Donald.

"Jay and the other two—if they know anything about the fire—are wise enough to keep their mouths tight shut," thought the escaped victim.

When the community did learn of what had almost ended in a tragedy the night before, the excitement was intense. The attempted murder would be a horrid affair in any case, but as the Doctor was so well known and universally liked, the affair aroused tremendous indignation. As in the case following the night of the Fourth, suspicions were soon whispered against Jay Bentley. Before noon, however, these suspicions had been lulled to rest by statements from both Conway and Howard. According to them, before it was dark Jay appeared at their shack to engage in a promised game of cards. The game was continued until midnight, when all three retired.

Doctor Donald smiled grimly when he heard this declaration. He realized it would be well-nigh hopeless to incriminate Jay Bentley. But while he was not surprised, questions came into his mind, and as he turned them over and over the interrogations became decidedly perplexing. Why should Conway and Howard virtually perjure themselves to save Jay Bentley? Was it because of [illegible] There seemed to be but little congeniality manifested heretofore between the two men and Bentley, for they appeared to be only casual acquaintances. It was really surprising that Bentley should be a visitor that night at the Conway place. Were the two men under some great obligation or in the power of Bentley? The Doctor could not believe that the man would harbor such terrible vindictiveness because of a passing fracas. If such was the case, why should the two men be ready to extend aid? And the doctor was back to the main question.

Again, he tackled the problem from another angle. What had he done to run afoul of the interest of the two, Conway and Howard? Absolutely nothing, as far as he knew. Then why should they connive at such an injustice to him? No reason could be given. Were there any others he could suspect? Search his memory as he would, he could recall no event which would lead him to suspect any one as guilty of either of the two assaults upon himself. Robbery was not a motive, for neither time was anything taken.

He was unable to offer any solution for the baffling problem, and he must try and throw the subject from his mind. As he had more than the usual number of professional cases during the next few days, he had really but little time to dwell upon the mystery.

During these days not a clew was obtained by anybody as to who had fired the barn and nearly murdered the Doctor. It bade fair to be a crime where the guilty perpetrator would never be brought to punishment.

The week had passed, and it was early morning of the day when the "Biggest Show of All Time" was to exhibit at Algona. The Doctor had driven to the Older dwelling and Tina was all ready when he arrived. The drive to the county seat was a good twenty-five miles, so that an early start was necessary in order to arrive in time to see the wonderful procession at ten o'clock—but who ever knew a circus procession to be on time? Anyhow, it would be pleasanter to travel early in the day, for there was every indication that it was to be a "scorcher." Just as the two drove away, the sun sent its first beams across the prairie, and soon afterward in the West a partial mirage appeared.

"A pretty good sign of rain," remarked the Doctor, as he noticed the panorama.

But he did not worry about this probability—he was too happy. So, too, was Tina, for that matter, with such a glorious day ahead, for now she was with the one to whom she had given all her warm little heart, and she knew that Walter Donald was hers alone. The lover thought the girl by his side was more beautiful and bewitching than he had ever seen her. Perhaps this was true, for her face fairly shone with ecstatic joy and perfect peace.

Long as the distance was, neither of the two grew tired. Oh, it was a glorious drive, and in all coming time never would it be forgotten!

Algona was reached in plenty of time to place the horse in a livery barn, and then go to a restaurant for refreshments. For a wonder, the parade was only a half-hour late, and Tina's eyes grew big as she looked upon some of the features.

It would take pages to describe the sights and sensations that came to the lovers that day. The young man had been around enough to be familiar with the situation, but he realized there was something that made the occasion far more attractive, even, than the ever memorable day of his boyhood when he attended his first circus. This was Tina's first, and in addition to this, to enjoy the occasion by the side of the man she loved—and this was a new experience, too—was like passing thru a land of enchantment.

They remained for the concert in the big tent. Next came a sideshow. Then came supper at the hotel—to Tina the grandest place she had ever seen. After this the sun went down behind a big, dark cloud stretched along the western horizon.

"We'll have to drive faster going home than coming down," observed the Doctor, "but it will be so much cooler than if we had started early."

They were opposite the courthouse where seats were scattered around in the small yard in front of the building. The Doctor noticed a vacant bench.

"I believe I had better leave you in that seat while I get the horse and buggy," he suggested.

"That's just the thing," acquiesced Tina. "You'll find me here when you return, for I shall not leave to get lost in the crowd."

After she had taken the seat, the Doctor hastened away to obtain his horse. It was scarcely a half-hour when he returned. Tying the animal to a convenient hitching-post, he directed his steps to the seat where he had left Tina. She was not there!

Surprised, he looked around, still expecting to see her upon another seat. By this time but few loiterers remained, and she was not one of the number. In increasing nervousness he walked about the immediate vicinity, but failed to find the girl he was searching for.

Rushing to his buggy, he drove the horse up and down the long main street, carefully scanning the sidewalks as he passed along. Every minute he grew more and more alarmed, for no success attended his efforts.

Again he tied the horse and then went back to the seat where he had left Tina. There he waited an hour, hoping she would return. He grew fairly frantic as time passed and no Tina appeared. Sometimes he would grow almost angry at the girl for thus causing him such keen worry, but the next moment he would repent. Something serious—perhaps desperately so—had happened to her. In an agony of apprehension he took notice of the great clouds coming to the zenith.

In another hour a storm broke in raging fury, and there was no trace of the missing girl, altho the Doctor had called to his aid the chief of police.

CHAPTER VIII.

TINA'S PERIL.

A MINUTE or two after the Doctor had departed for his horse and buggy, a coarse-featured and loudly dressed girl sat down upon the other end of the short bench which Tina was occupying. The girl from the prairie scarcely glanced at the stranger, who threw herself back in the seat and gave a faint groan, to all appearances being almost helpless.

"Are you sick?" Tina asked in quick sympathy, and she turned to face the occupant of the opposite end of the bench.

"I'm going to have one of my spells," replied the stranger, as if forcing the words. "I've not had one for a long while, and now it has taken me at the wrong time," she went on faintly. "It's my heart, I guess, and I ought to be at home lying down for the rest of the evening," she wailed, but so low that only Tina heard.

"Is it far to your home?" she asked, and was now standing by the side of the stranger.

"Only two squares," was the faint reply.

"Can't I call some friend or acquaintance to help you home?" Tina inquired, for she was growing perplexed at the situation so suddenly presenting itself.

"There isn't a soul I know in sight," came in a despairing tone, while she gripped her left side as if in intense misery. "Would it be too much to ask if

I can have your assistance until I reach home?" and the stranger looked very appealingly at Tina.

"Surely I will help you," was the impulsive declaration of the innocent and warm-hearted girl, forgetting for the moment her promise to her escort. When she did think of this a minute later, she was not worried, for she felt that she surely would be back in her seat before he returned.

The two girls started down a side street, the one apparently ill leaning heavily upon the other. After traversing three squares, a shade of disappointment came over Tina at realizing that the distance was greater than the sufferer had stated.

"I thought it was only two squares," said Tina, with a note of accusation in her voice.

"Did I say two?" asked the stranger, with an air of forgetfulness. "I guess I was so out of my head I didn't know what I was saying. It is a little over four, but we shall soon be there," she added encouragingly.

Tina found the distance to be five squares from the starting-point, and the house designated by her companion was back from the street with no others close at hand. The dwelling was not large, and was well surrounded by trees and shrubbery, the latter showing no signs of care.

"I have not lived in the city long, and I stay here with my mother," the victim of heart trouble informed Tina. "I expect she is still with the crowd upon the street." Her tone was despondent as the door was reached. "Oh, dear!" was the sharp exclamation, and Tina had to hold fast to the girl to keep her from falling. "May I trouble you just a moment longer to help get me into the house? Then you can stop at the nearest neighbor's upon your way back and inform them of my sickness," she whispered, as if suffering severely.

Tina was getting nervous over the length of time it had taken to assist the ailing girl, and was anxious to hurry back to the seat in front of the courthouse. It seemed heartless to desert the sufferer at this moment. She tried to hurry into the house in order to comply with the request of the almost helpless girl, altho, under the circumstances, the apparently weak creature helped herself remarkably well, as Tina recalled in after time. She soon had her charge in a bedroom which opened from a small hall the two had entered thru the outside door. Just as Tina reached the bed with the moaning young woman, the latter suddenly sprang away and darted thru the open door into the hall. Before Tina could comprehend anything, the door slammed and the lock clicked.

It took a moment for the confused girl to recover from her paralyzing astonishment. Then she rushed to the door, but it was securely fastened. When she called loudly not a sound was heard in reply. Wildly glancing around, the curtains over the window caught her eye, and she flew to them to brush them aside. The window was tightly boarded over with heavy planks. A despairing glance around showed there was nothing at hand she could use to break thru the solid wood fastening. With an agonizing sense of her fellowship to a rat in a trap, Tina dropped upon the bed.

How long she remained upon the bed she never could tell, altho it was probably a half-hour. She could not collect her thoughts and formulate a theory as to why she was made the victim of such a fiendish scheme. It was before the day of white slavery exposures, therefore no thought came to her as to what her imprisonment might mean. As it was, her position was desperate enough.

Out of the chaos of her mind there came the thought of what her lover would do when he returned to the courthouse yard and found her missing. Even now he was probably searching for her. Could he succeed in tracing her? This hope encouraged Tina for a moment, then she realized how utterly improbable such a result would be. Undoubtedly no one noticed her when she departed with the arch-hypocrite. If any one had taken cognizance of the affair, how improbable that the Doctor would run across that person! Her lover did not have the slightest clew to follow. Perhaps he would think she had broken her promise and left her seat with no thought of what trouble and worry it would be to him. At this point she broke down in a paroxysm of weeping.

For a few minutes the storm of grief continued; then, as she was regaining a degree of composure, she detected a noise outside the door. She hastily dried her eyes and listened intently. In another moment the lock clicked, the door was suddenly opened and a man stepped inside, closing the door behind him. In complete consternation, Tina beheld Jay Bentley.

With a sardonic leer upon his features, the man stood eying his prospective victim, while the girl could only stare in utter despair upon the one she knew must be responsible for her heartless imprisonment.

"What does this mean?" She managed to ask the question after what seemed to her like several minutes of silence.

"All's fair in love and war, so I'm using a bit of strategy," was the answer, and the man was plainly exulting over his success.

"I can thank you, then, for being shut up here," said Tina, with a ring of sarcasm in her voice.

"That's the idea," came emphatically from Bentley. "By having you here where no one will interfere, we can come to terms," and a chuckle of satisfaction escaped his lips.

"You are surely a devil!" declared Tina, scorn and loathing manifested in every tone and glance, but down in her heart fear was chilling her blood.

"I hope you soon will use different pet names for me, for in a few hours we shall probably be married," spoke Bentley, in a tone of determination.

"Never!" and Tina's tone was no less determined.

"You can fix yourself better than you are all the same," he said, in the most pleading manner he could command. "I am not as poor as you think and I can buy a nice house—here in Algona, if you wish—and give you a piano and nice clothes, so you'll never want for anything. If you don't believe me, look here."

The next instant Bentley had taken from an inside pocket of his coat a monstrous roll of bank bills, and the sight of so much money was really startling to Tina.

"If you had the riches of a Vanderbilt, I would not marry you!" she exclaimed, after a moment, in a voice showing mingled disgust and determination.

"I've tried to be decent. Now, if I use other means, you only have yourself to blame," came the reply in dogged surliness.

"Decent!" cried Tina scornfully. "And I am shut up here so you can threaten me!"

"Put things any way you please—I am going to have you," and a flush of anger dyed Bentley's cheeks a deeper red. "But I haven't time to spend in talking just now. I must leave and come back later, for a special friend of mine is probably trying to keep track of me, and I must run under his nose every little bit until he leaves town or goes to bed. While I am gone you can be thinking, for that's all you can do. I expected you would be down to the show, so I fixed the window to have it ready for business when Sal managed to coax you in here, but until an hour ago it looked as if she would not get a chance, you and that puppy of a doctor stuck so close together."

Unmistakable hate blazed from Bentley's eyes and grated in his tones as he came to the last of his speech, and Tina shuddered as she beheld the face of a veritable demon.

"I'll be back at midnight, and in the morning you will be willing to be married," he laughed brutally, and Tina sensed the awful implication.

The next instant he was out of the room and she was again alone. Her impulse was to leap for the door when it swung open, but she would be powerless in the grasp of the brutal man. It was useless to make any outcry, the house was so isolated and the window so closely sealed. There was nothing she could do but to ask the One who is over all things for help in this terrible hour. She dropped upon her knees by the bedside and poured out her soul in a prayer for deliverance from her condition of fearful peril.

As she arose, feeling strangely strengthened and comforted, she heard the bolt slip in the door. The next instant Fred Conway stepped into the room, but he closed the door and turned the key.

"Mr. Conway!" Tina ejaculated in astonishment, but for some reason there was no great feeling of relief at seeing this individual.

"I think I find you in a tight place," said the man, slowly.

"Indeed I am, but I trust you can release me." She spoke hesitatingly, for something made her doubt as to her visitor's good intentions.

"That depends," was the guarded response. "Sit down and I will state some things to you; then you may know what is required at your hands." Taking a seat himself, Conway rapidly began speaking.

"I wish to tell you some things in strict confidence—I am trusting you never to betray my trust in you. In a way I am in the power of that fellow, Jay Bentley, but he is also in my power. He promised me that he would leave you alone, but he has not kept his agreement. He has concocted this plan to get you in his power without my knowledge. Probably he is out hunting me up, so that when I learn of your disappearance I can't lay it to him. But I know he has been upon your track all day, for I have been watching him. I saw him enter here soon after I saw you and his sister enter the door, and I knew some devilment was in the air. Jay's mother and sister live here, and they will do anything he demands of them. But they are afraid of me, so they let me in. Probably Sal is out hunting up Jay, and he may come in any time. If he does, it is hard to tell what may happen. We must leave at once, if you are willing to give me your solemn promise that you will not give any one any information as to what has happened tonight. You must decide quickly, for Jay may be back any moment."

Conway was upon his feet again, and had every appearance of laboring under great anxiety.

Tina hesitated in replying. There seemed something so sinister about the pledge she was required to give that she could not readily acquiesce. Especially was she reluctant as the face of the man she loved flashed before her mental vision and she knew that she must have such a secret to be kept from him. How could she do this with any self-respect, loving him as she did?

"Decide quickly, or I shall be compelled to go and leave you to the tender mercies of Jay!" impatiently declared Conway, but Tina did not detect the shrewd gleam in his eyes.

Fear was again uppermost in her heart, and all else for the moment was blotted from her mind.

"I promise," she said in a trembling voice.

"Then come," commanded Conway, opening the door.

In a fraction of a minute both were out upon the sidewalk.

"I have my horse and buggy just around the corner," stated Conway, "and we will hurry to it and get out of the neighborhood as quickly as possible."

While Tina's lover was occupying the bench in front of the courthouse and suffering agonies of distress, she was rapidly riding out of the city by the side of Conway.

"Doctor Donald has left town in a huff, because he thought you either were very foolish or were playing him a scurvy trick," the schemer told Tina.

This did not look so very unreasonable to the girl, altho a shade of chagrin came to her that her lover should jump to such an unfavorable conclusion.

"Where are we going?" she asked suddenly, for she had aroused to the fact that the town was being left behind.

"Home," tersely answered Conway.

"Oh, you must not bother this way!" Tina spoke in fresh alarm, for she had no desire to take the long drive alone at night with Fred Conway.

"There are reasons why it is not best for either of us to stay in Algona tonight," he remarked smoothly. "The police are searching for you," he lied, for Doctor Donald had not yet gone to them. "If you are found in the city, you would be harassed to death with questions. The hotels are full, and you are a stranger, so it will be inconvenient to stop, to say the least. I'll land you at home all right. Then you will have time to get ready for the quizzing that is sure to come," he finished persuasively.

"But it looks as if a storm is coming fast," apprehensively exclaimed the girl, and she pointed to the west where the lightning was flashing against an inky background of heavy clouds rapidly climbing to the zenith.

"Perhaps we can get home, but if we cannot, we will stop at some farmhouse," declared Conway, encouragingly.

"We don't want to get upon a prairie where it is two or three miles to the nearest house," admonished Tina.

"Not at all," warmly assented Conway.

Perhaps four more miles were made, and it was a question only of minutes when the storm would break. A portentous calm prevailed, but both knew this would soon give way to the tempest. Conway drove by a farm cabin without stopping, to the surprise of Tina, who was beginning to grow alarmed at the blinding flashes of lightning followed by heavy reverberations of thunder constantly increasing in loudness every minute. Just as a preliminary gust of wind blew in their faces—the forerunner of the terrific force soon to follow—a schoolhouse was near at hand. Conway drove the horse up on the east side and leaped from the buggy.

"We shall have to stay in here until the storm is over," he exclaimed, holding up his arms to assist Tina in reaching the ground.

For an instant she hesitated. To think of staying alone in the building with this man was surely repugnant. But what else could she do? Thinking thus, she accepted Conway's assistance. After raising the window and throwing the end of the strap attached to the horse's bridle into the opening, he dropped the sash upon the strip of leather to make it fast until he could get inside to secure it better. Then both entered the door—which, fortunately, was unlocked—of the small schoolhouse just in time to escape a furious onslaught of wind. In a moment big drops of rain began to hit the window-panes, and soon the storm was raging in terrible fury.

Tina usually was not a coward during a fierce storm, but upon this occasion she felt a vague terror. Perhaps her experience of the past two hours had unnerved her, but whatever the cause, she sat upon one of the benches in the room trembling violently at the blinding lightning and crashes of thunder.

Conway had taken a seat beside the girl, and, to tell the truth, he was completely satisfied at the situation, for he had planned to reach this shelter, if possible. Of course Tina knew nothing of this scheme, so she felt really grateful at his proximity in this trying hour. However, when he essayed to throw his arm around her waist, she moved away as far as the seat would permit.

"Pardon me, but I want you to feel that you are being protected," she heard him say, with a light laugh.

She made no response, but trembled still more violently, for what had been an intangible fear before was now taking definite form in her mind. She had escaped one peril only to face another.

"Dear Lord, still help me!" she breathed.

"I don't wonder that Jay is crazy about you," she heard Conway say. "With the least bit of encouragement I would be myself," and now his face was within a few inches of hers.

Tina sprang to her feet just as there came a blinding flash of light and a terrific crash at the same instant. She would have fallen to the floor, but Conway was also upon his feet and had her in his arms.

"Mr. Conway, all I have in the world is my good name! When that is gone, all is gone!" the girl wailed between sobs of helpless distress.

"I'll look out for that," fiercely whispered the man, as her cheek was brushed by his lips feeling the way to hers. "You can be my wife any day you say," and now his mouth had almost reached the intended goal.

Instinctively—for she had no thought that any human being was within hearing distance—Tina gave a piercing shriek, which was almost drowned in a crash of thunder.

This strange story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of it. The surest way to get the Ledger is to subscribe for it and have it come to your home regularly. Today is a good time to attend to this.

* * *

Baby's Bank.

"Uncle Peabody gave the baby a bank for Christmas," said Mrs. Gradpetter.

"A bank, eh?" answered Gradpetter.

"And Aunt Dottie gave him a purse."

"Uh-huh."

"You don't seem to take much interest."

"Well, I never had much use for a purse myself, nor a bank, either. I can't see much demand for either this winter."

"Yes, but a bank teaches thrift, and every spare nickel the baby gets is put into the bank, and soon he has a lot of money in his toy bank and knows the value of it."

"Yes, but where does he get his spare nickels?"

"Well—er—you see, it's like this. We put the bank in the reception-room and whenever any one comes along he is attracted to it because it is a disguised bank. It is a musical mule. The mule kicks the driver and the chimes ring and the nickel slides thru the hole into the bank. It needn't be a nickel, either. It works just as well for a quarter—in fact, better. There are more chimes for a quarter than for a nickel.

"You see, the guests come along and are drawn——"

"Into the trap."

"Well, they see it, and they are curious [illegible] it, and say, 'Oh, what's this?' and I say, [illegible] little bank.' They examine it and inquire how it works and I say, 'Why, you put a coin here and then press the spring and the mule kicks the man and the chimes ring once for a nickel, twice for a dime and three times for a quarter, and the coin slides into the bank.'"

"And the fellow falls for it, of course."

"Usually."

"I can't blame anybody. I predict that bank will get most of my loose change. How do you get the money out?"

"You can't get it out until there is ten dollars inside. Then it opens."

"Ten dollars!"

"Yes, but there will soon be that much, and then baby can open an account in a real bank."

"I don't suppose there is any law against this game, is there? It seems to me that this is getting money too easily to be quite legitimate. By the way, where is that bank?"

"Baby has taken it over to show it to the neighbors. They will be interested in it."

"Yes, I suppose they will—once."

* * *

The New Year.

On the brink of a new year there is not one of us who does not pause to ask himself what it may bring him. Ahead lies the path, losing itself in mists. Even to the comparatively few who read these words the new year will bring the utmost variety of experiences; to some, triumph; to others, disaster, perhaps death itself.

In a new year are both hope and menace. Which, depends on our purpose in life. If we are bound on selfish errands, and see in a new year chiefly a means to our selfish ends, then well may we tremble. If we see in the new year a voyage of discovery on which the whole of humankind is embarked in quest of a New World, then personal disasters cease to matter so much and the new year becomes a splendid Great Adventure.

For to the man in pursuit of merely selfish ends, defeat is a tragedy. But to the man in pursuit of ends greater than his own personal welfare, defeat is a mere incident; because he knows that in that greater quest on which he fares there is no defeat.

THE SMUGGLER

-:- Or, -:-

We Three Girls

By Ella Middleton Tybout

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CHAPTER XIV.

"IF YOU please, miss, could you come to Mrs. Graham?"

This unwelcome summons forced itself upon me as I lay luxuriously reading upon the couch in the living-room the day following our dinner party.

"Did she send for me?"

"No, miss."

Mrs. Graham's servant, a half-grown girl with a face of surprising stupidity, stood stolidly before me, the ends of a small shawl held under her chin, and a frightened expression in her small eyes.

"Then, why did you come?"

To my surprise, the girl put her face in her hands and began to cry with a sniffling persistency very annoying to hear.

"I'm scared of her," she sobbed; "she's that queer, miss. She's went all blue and stiff-like, and Mr. Graham ain't there, nor nobody but me. And, seeing as how you come to the house sometimes, miss, I thought as maybe you might help me, fur I'm scared to stay alone, so I am."

I rose reluctantly, for I knew but little of illness, and was also "scared" of the prospect; but go I must, in common decency, and alone at that, for Mary Anne and Elizabeth were out, and Gabrielle was shut up in her room with a bad cold, the result of too much wandering about with thin slippers the night before.

A chill east wind was blowing, and I shivered as we hastened down the path and up the narrow steps.

Mrs. Graham lay rigid upon the couch, her eyes shut and her lips blue and pinched. I put my hand over her heart, and its faint flutter was a great relief, as I had thought her dead.

"It is only a faint," I exclaimed, and directed the bewildered girl to assist me in my efforts to revive her. At last we were rewarded by a long-drawn sigh, and the lids slowly lifted from the dark eyes.

The servant had found some brandy, and I held a little to her lips, motioning her not to speak, but she pushed the glass aside and sat upright.

"It is a bad dream," she said—"only a dream! Say it—only a dream!"

"Only a dream," I repeated soothingly—"a bad dream."

She swallowed a little of the brandy and lay back exhausted on the couch while I followed [illegible] into the [illegible]

"Where is Mr. Graham?" I demanded sharply.

"I don't know, miss."

"When will he be home?"

"I don't know, miss."

"Has Mrs. Graham been ill long?"

"I don't know, miss."

"Is there anything you do know?" I inquired, my patience worn threadbare.

"No, miss; I don't know nothing."

This statement was so evidently true that I left her aimlessly poking the fire and returned to my patient.

She lay quite still, with closed eyes, so I merely drew a chair near the couch and sat down to wait further developments. I waited a long time. The minutes slipped past, and the room grew dim, for twilight was approaching—the long summer twilight which I usually loved, but whose arrival I dreaded today.

At last she stirred, moved restlessly once or twice, then raised her head and looked around the room.

"Where is he?" she said. "Where is he?"

"He has not come home yet, Mrs. Graham," I replied. "No doubt he will be here soon.

She fell back upon her pillows, and instinctively I sprang to her side, but she waved me away and turned her face to the wall.

"It was not a dream," she moaned; "it is true, quite true."

I heard the little servant close the window and light her lamp, and envied her the warmth and brightness of her kitchen, for the room was chilly and fast growing dark.

Finally Mrs. Graham raised herself by a great effort and beckoned to me.

"On the table in my room," she said, speaking with difficulty, "you will find some medicine. Drop it in water—the bottle tells how—and bring it to me. But be quick!"

I ran to the little room above and brought the medicine, dropping it with shaking hand, and holding it to her lips that she might swallow it. In a few minutes her breathing grew less labored, and she even smiled faintly.

"Don't be frightened," she whispered. "I am better now. It is all over—I know these attacks."

Little by little her face grew more natural, until at last she ceased to breathe with the short, painful gasp, and even sat upright among the pillows; but it was evident she was still suffering from some shock or distress of mind, for she drew me down beside her, holding my hand with a vise-like grip, as tho she feared I might snatch it away from her.

"Stay with me," she begged. "Don't leave me. I—I cannot stay alone tonight."

So I agreed to stay, and dispatched the maid to the cottage with a note for Gabrielle, saying simply that Mrs. Graham was alone and not well, and wanted me to spend the night with her.

Shall I ever forget that night? Her first spasmodic attempts at ordinary conversation, her long silences, always followed by wandering to the window and gazing out over the ocean with the hopeless yet expectant air of one who knows it is useless to watch, yet nevertheless continues to do so; and the final moment when, casting all reserve aside, she flung herself upon her knees beside the couch and prayed that death might come soon and spare her further suffering.

"Oh, Harry," she mourned, "how could you? And I loved you so!"

It was infinitely pitiful, and after a while, when she grew calmer, she told me her story, speaking tenderly of the first few years of her married life and of her husband's great love for her and for the child, and the happiness he brought her.

"Then," she continued, "there came a change. He went away, and for weeks I did not hear from him. I thought he was dead, and nearly died also, they tell me. At last he came back to me—so loving, so patient with my invalid ways, and so self-reproachful at his own thoughtlessness. He had been yachting, he said; an invitation came at the last moment, and the letter he sent telling me of his plans must have miscarried. Could I ever forgive him?

"Well, I was only too glad to get him back, and I believed him absolutely. For a while, almost a year, we were very happy again, and I was beginning to forget, when he disappeared again. This time he stayed only two weeks, but when he returned he made no apologies. The water called him, he said, and he must go. He never told me where he went, nor what he did, but he [illegible] his other [illegible] yet we seemed [illegible] more money than ever. He went away often and stayed for long periods after that, and for months I would not know where he was. When he came back to me he was always kind, always thoughtful for my comfort, always ready to talk on any subject except the one nearest my heart. But he grew to hate the boy."

"His own child?" I interrupted. "How unnatural!"

"He said I loved the child better than I loved my husband," she said, "but God knows whether that is true or not. At last I became ill again, during one of his absences, and when he returned it was a question whether or not I would live. He was dreadfully shocked and grieved, and on his knees beside my bed he begged me to live for his sake. For his sake—the words sounded wonderfully sweet to my ears, and when he held my hand in both his own and whispered that he would never leave me again, I began to feel a desire to get well.

"He kept his word, too, but this summer he came to me and told me that the sea was calling him, and he must go. He suggested that I come with him up here, where he could have his boat and come home to me at night, but he would not bring the boy, and it broke my heart to leave him. Now you know why I hate the ocean—my enemy."

"I understand," I said, and I thought I did realize a little how distressing it must be to her to be so near it.

"Yes," she said; "I came here gladly, because he asked it, altho I hate the air and the very sight of the ocean. But today I found something else. I was mending his coat, trying to keep myself occupied and not think too much, for he went out day before yesterday and I have not seen him since."

"Yes?" I said, for she paused uncertainly.

"It is not the ocean," she said brokenly. "That was but an excuse. It is a woman."

She thrust her hand into the bosom of her dress, and instinctively I knew she would bring forth a small package wrapped in white tissue paper. She opened it, and I saw the blue ribbon and the little soft curl with a strange sense of familiarity. She put her finger under the lock of hair, as Elizabeth had done, and looked at me with speechless misery.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "there is some mistake."

"It is pretty, is it not?" she said. "A little, soft ring of yellow hair! Yet when I saw it and—realized, my heart stopped beating, and I remember nothing more until I saw you."

She was talking calmly now—too calmly, I thought, as I looked at her feverishly bright eyes. The hand which touched mine occasionally was hot and dry, and a round red spot in either cheek glowed and paled intermittently.

"I am glad I didn't know," she continued; "there are some things one cannot forgive, and I might have spoken bitterly. Now I can always remember that I never said a harsh word to him, even when I was most sorely tried. I'm glad of that—very glad."

She spoke in the tone of quiet reminiscence in which one reviews one's past attitude to the dead, after the first poignancy of grief is over.

"But he will come back," I said. "Think how many times he has left you before."

"He will not come back."

The finality of her voice precluded a reply, and after a long silence I suggested that she lie down and try to sleep, and I would do likewise. She agreed docilely enough, and I threw myself upon the bed beside her, and in a few moments was sound asleep. I slept heavily, for I was very tired, but it seemed scarcely a moment until I heard her call me.

"Yes," I cried, alarmed; "what is it?"

Mrs. Graham, fully dressed and with a lighted candle in her hand, stood beside the bed, a shawl around her shoulders and another over her arm.

"I am going out," she said. "Come."

"Going out?" I repeated, parrot-like, being still dazed with sleep.

"Going down to the edge of the water to meet him. It is calling me—at last the ocean calls me, and I'm going. Will you come?"

"Wait until morning; we can see nothing in the dark."

"It is dawn," she replied, raising the shade. "At last the night has gone."

Off at the edge of the horizon was a broad streak of pale gray, and, while the stars still shone, they were fading fast.

"Come," she repeated, and like one hypnotized I followed down the stairs and out upon the beach, where the water lapped sullenly, for the tide was low.

We walked along in silence, and I wrapped the shawl closely around me, for I was shivering with a chill within as much as without. When we reached our boathouse she paused on the little slip and stretched out her hands toward the water.

"And another voice is calling,
Oh, it cometh from the sea,
With an undertone of danger—
But there's work for you and me."

She repeated the words almost dreamily.

"It is the message she sent, the woman with yellow hair. I needed you, too, Harry, and I called you, but the voice from the sea was stronger, and I understand. Oh, my dear, I begin to understand!"

The stars were gone now, and a faint red line replaced the dull gray of the horizon. A gull flew close by us with a frightened whirring of white wings, and an enterprising wave slapped sharply against the slip; for the tide was coming in now, and the ocean was rippling with little white-crested waves.

The east grew rosily pink, then glowed brightly golden as out of the water rose a scarlet ball that hung suspended a moment between heaven and earth, then smiled upon the world and flooded it with radiance.

"It is day," said Mrs. Graham, "and he is coming."

She pointed at a dark object rounding the end of the island, and as it drew nearer I recognized the Government boat, with which we had now grown quite familiar. I felt a strange sense of awe and unreality as I watched it approach, almost as tho it were a phantom ship and the sparkling ocean the river Styx.

Mrs. Graham spoke but once as the boat drew nearer, stopped, and lowered a rowboat, that headed for the slip.

"I am glad," she said simply, "that he never knew I knew; he never liked to hurt me."

There were three men in the little boat, and I recognized two of them, Gordon Bennett and his friend Mr. Blake. I do not think I was surprised to see them there, for I had succumbed to a sort of numbness of intellect wherein nothing could astonish me. So I only walked to the edge of the wharf and looked the question my lips refused to utter.

"You!" said Mr. Bennett slowly. "You!"

Again I looked at him interrogatively.

He was on the slip now, holding my hand in his and conveying somehow a feeling that my responsibility was over and the burden transferred to his own shoulders.

"Take her away," he whispered. "We are bringing him home. Take her away."

"Dead?"

His eyes answered, and I moistened my lips before I could articulate again.

"Drowned?" I hazarded, and he turned away, his face clouded with pain.

"Murdered," he muttered. "Knocked on the head like a beast. A coward's blow—from the back. We found him in the water. For God's sake, take her away!"

Cold and shaking with fright, I went to Mrs. Graham and tried to speak, but could only put my arm about her and draw her close to me.

"Come home with me," I managed to say at last—"home to the cottage. We want you."

But she only stared at me with wide, tearless eyes.

"I must go home," she said, "to his home, and get ready for him. They are bringing him back to me, and he has always found me waiting. I have never disappointed him, and this time also I will be ready."

CHAPTER XV.

I DO not wish to speak about the week which followed. Even now I do not like to think about it, altho its long days are indelibly photographed upon my mind. I can see Mrs. Graham walking around with her stony calmness, directing everything, and receiving all efforts at sympathy with the same impenetrable air of reserve and the same proud dignity which forbade pity and discouraged intimacy.

We did what we could, which was distressingly little, and we also suffered not a few pangs of remorse at having presumed to judge her. For we realized this woman had suffered much and in silence; that she had loved deeply and been sorely wounded; and had endured the unendurable with a loyalty and patience worthy the admiration we felt and would have liked to express had she permitted us to do so.

We realized also that we had known her only when exhausted nature had rebelled at the strain imposed upon it, when her vitality had little by little been sapped away and the long continued tension of her nerves was about to snap at this last turning of the screw. We remembered the many hours she had spent alone in the bleak little house, and thought of the things we might have done with the keen regret that comes when the opportunity is gone and it is too late.

So we were obliged to stand sorrowfully aloof and watch her prepare for her last journey with Harry Graham. We could only hope that after a while the bitterness of grief might pass away—that she might forget what she had already forgiven, and think of him only as the boy who had loved and married her. And this we hoped, knowing that God is merciful and time effaces much.

Once I found her gazing at the picture of her child.

"I am going home to him," she said; "he needs me. There is much he must be taught—self-denial, honesty, forbearance—all of life's lessons. He must learn them all. And he shall be a good man."

Only at the last, as she stood in the door closely veiled and ready for the long journey home, which she insisted upon undertaking alone, did she relax even a little. Then she drew me to her and kissed me, and I could feel warm tears upon my face.

"Some time," she said, "later on, I will write to you. And some time I will see

Are You An Heir?

It is estimated that there are something like 60,000 persons scattered throughout the United States and Canada who are entitled to moneys and lands now tied up in the English High Court of Chancery and elsewhere owing to the inability of lawyers to locate them. The great trouble is that foreign lawyers, when searching for the lost heirs, almost invariably advertise for them in London or Edinburgh newspapers; as these papers are seldom seen in this country, of course, the missing heir never knows of the good fortune that is awaiting him or her, and thus the case drags along in the Courts for an indefinite time. As an aid to those interested in Chancery cases, and who believe that they are entitled to an inheritance, an enterprising publisher has prepared an authentic list of persons who have been advertised for during the past 150 years, including the famous Bogardus, Edwards, Jennings, Woods, Sir Francis Drake, Springer, Weber, Page and Haarlem estates, and unsettled estates in England, Germany, France, Ireland, Scotland and other countries. The list is a very long one and any person can secure details of this list by sending a 2-cent stamp to The Royal Register, 642 W. 138th St., (Genealogical Bldg)., N. Y. City. —Adv.

you again. You were very, very good to me, and I thank you. Good-by."

Thus she passed out of our lives, and we settled down again, a little graver, perhaps, and a little less apt to treat every subject as a joke. Elizabeth said she did not love the ocean as much as formerly, while Gabrielle confessed she often went out of her way to avoid seeing the little house on the shore, now lonely and unoccupied. As for me, I often awoke with a start, thinking I heard Mrs. Graham calling me, and half expecting to find her standing beside my bed, waiting for me to go out with her just as dawn was breaking.

It was then that our friendship for Lady Edith ripened into love. She was so sympathetic, so gentle, and so patient with the strange attitude assumed by poor Mrs. Graham. One could not but admire a woman whose every advance was frigidly repelled, yet made no comment and expressed no surprise, but quietly did all in her power to help a sister woman thru the deep waters that engulfed her.

Her charity was extended to Mr. Graham also, and, while no explanation nor excuse seemed possible regarding him, she covered his past with a mantle of silence in effect somewhat resembling the soft powdering of freshly fallen snow upon the mire of the streets.

"Let us not talk about him," she once said gently, when we were discussing the subject. "He is dead. Perhaps he was tempted beyond his strength—who knows? It is not for us to judge."

She spent much time with us at the cottage, and altho the strain we all felt more or less was apparent in the pallor of her cheeks and the black circles about her eyes, her quiet cheerfulness never failed, and she was always ready to respond to any appeal for advice or assistance. We grew to depend greatly upon her, and felt as tho we had known her always.

Not so Lord Wilfrid. A card left formally at Mrs. Graham's door was the only indication he gave of any knowledge of the deplorable event which had shaken our little community to its foundations, and not even his sister could induce him to do anything more.

"Hang it all!" he said roughly, one evening when she had urged upon him the necessity of at least offering to be of any assistance in his power, "why should I mix myself up in it? The man is dead, and, from all accounts, it seems a good riddance."

"But, Wilfrid, dear, remember we knew them before we met them here. It does not seem kind——"

She paused, for he interrupted, with a disagreeable laugh:

"We knew them—yes, so we did. Why should I forget it? I have done all I ever mean to do for him. And don't ask me to go near that house where he lies dead—his wife looks and looks at you with her big solemn eyes, reading your very soul. There are some things even you cannot make me do, and——"

"Wilfrid!"

He stopped abruptly, and with a muttered apology left the veranda. His sister sighed a little as she turned to Gabrielle, who sat next her.

"Poor Wilfrid!" she said. "Only see how nervous he is. He always had this strange aversion to death, and he did not like Mr. Graham—men know men. I fear he is not as strong as I thought, for this sad affair has completely unnerved him. Have you not noticed how badly he looks?"

It was indeed patent that he was far from well. He was sullen and irritable, his complexion had assumed a dull, pasty hue, and his eyes were shifty and troubled.

"I believe," remarked Elizabeth that night when we were alone, "that Lord Wilfrid takes some kind of a drug which gives him that queer greenish look."

"Poor Lady Edith!" I said, "I believe she has troubles of her own with him."

"And how bravely she hides them!" added Gabrielle, thoughtfully. "Well, it only goes to prove what I have said all along—blood will tell."

But if Lord Wilfrid failed in the ordinary courtesies of humanity, Gordon Bennett did all and more than could have been expected of him, and I soon forgot his scarf-pin with the Sphinx's head, and also the fact that I had seen him trying to force an entrance into our boathouse, which extraordinary proceeding was still unexplained.

So the days passed, and we slowly resumed our ordinary routine, recovering from the shock with the elasticity of youth and health, and quite willing to put the dreadful episode away from us.

There was a ball at the hotel one night, and we all went, glad of the diversion afforded by the lights and music, and pleasantly conscious that our gowns were all that could be desired.

Gordon Bennett and Mr. Blake, as well as many other cottagers, sailed over to participate, and as the floor was good, the music excellent, and men plentiful, we enjoyed ourselves very much indeed.

Mr. Blake danced once with me, but I noticed that his eyes continually followed Lady Edith's graceful figure, again attired in the black gown which afforded such an effective background for her golden hair and white shoulders.

"Is she not lovely?" I inquired, as my glance followed his.

"She is wonderful," he said, almost beneath his breath—"wonderful."

After supper, as I stood for a moment alone by the open door, Lady Edith touched me on the shoulder and beckoned me to join her on the veranda. Her face was very grave, and I observed that her hand was cold and shook a little as she drew me to a chair.

"Elise," she said, "I am going to pain you."

I looked at her in silence, wondering greatly, but she seemed to find it difficult to continue.

"Have you ever thought," she said at last, "that there is anything strange about Mr. Bennett?"

"Strange?" I repeated. "Strange?"

"Not quite right, I mean. What men call straight. Have you ever seen him do anything which seemed to require an explanation? Have you ever asked him a question he could not answer?"

I stared blankly at her, and she resumed slowly:

"You make it very hard for me, yet I must tell you. The man is not suitable for you to know; I warned you once before, but was not certain, so dared not say too much. Wilfrid says (men hear these things) that he is the man the police are after—the smuggler. And, worse still, that he is the thief who took Mrs. Bundy's emeralds."

"Are you sure?" I hardly recognized my own voice.

"Quite sure. Every one will know soon, for his arrest is a matter of but a few days. He is a dangerous character, and has been seen trying to force an entrance to your boathouse with his confederate, this man Blake."

I uttered a smothered ejaculation.

"There is more to come," she said, "and I do not quite know how to tell you. Tonight, when you are all here at the ball, these two men intend to force an entrance to your cottage. I know this to be true—in fact, they have already gone."

She paused abruptly and added in a tone of real solicitude:

"Have I hurt you so very much?"

"No," I hastened to reply; "no, of course not. Why should I be hurt? He is nothing to me. But you must prove it; you might be mistaken, you know."

My head was swimming with the sickening sensation often caused by swinging too long, and I scarcely knew what I said, but felt vaguely that I might in this way gain time, and that time was valuable.

"I will prove it," she said, catching up a wrap and handing it to me. "Would you believe me if you saw with your own eyes? Then come with me. You are quite safe—do not be afraid."

I was not afraid, but as I walked by her side thru the quiet village and down the familiar little path to our cottage I wondered dimly why she had brought me there—why she had not selected one of the others.

"We have nothing valuable," I said at last—"nothing. He knows that."

"You have my pearls," she returned; "but of course you have never mentioned them."

I stopped short, horror-struck. What had I not done, by my thoughtless gossiping?

"Oh, but I did!" I cried. "I did! I told him about the safe and what was in it."

"Ah!"

It was a short exclamation, pregnant with meaning. Then she turned quickly and took my hand in hers.

"Never mind," she whispered; "it will be all right. Don't worry."

I tried to say something, but she motioned me to be silent, for we were approaching the cottage now, and she stepped softly, as tho fearing to disturb some one. At the corner of the house she paused, listened a moment, then beckoned me to come nearer and pointed toward the kitchen.

At the outer door leading into the cellar knelt two figures, men in evening clothes. I did not need the assistance of the moon, which just then emerged triumphant from behind a cloud, for I recognized them at once.

"No use," said Mr. Blake's even voice; "this door seems to be fastened by an iron bar inside. We must try the boathouse again. I suppose the servant is inside."

"Yes," replied Gordon Bennett; "I saw her a moment ago, when she passed the window. I hope we'll have luck with the boathouse this time."

We shrank into the corner of the house, and they passed so close we might have touched them. As they disappeared down the steps leading to the slip, my companion followed them, still holding my hand and drawing me after her.

"Look!" she whispered.

And I again saw the two men before the boathouse, just as I had seen them once before; saw them try the door, and even set their shoulders against it with an ineffectual effort to burst it open. Lady Edith's face appeared very white and haggard in the moonlight, and the light shawl she wore rose and fell swiftly with her quick breath.

"It holds!" she ejaculated. "The door holds!"

It seemed to be a stanch door indeed, for, in spite of repeated efforts, it stood impregnable, until at last they ceased working over it and retired to the end of the slip, talking earnestly.

"They have given it up," she whispered, and her voice seemed to thrill exultantly. "See, they are going away. They are easily discouraged, are they not?"

It was quite true, they were going away. We saw them step into their little boat and glide into the moonlit water toward the end of the island, which they must round in order to get home.

"You are safe for tonight," she said. "I am almost sorry I told you, for they will not return, and tomorrow they cannot. Let us go back to the hotel and forget it."

I shook my head and watched the little boat, now a mere speck on the sparkling water.

"I am not going back," I said dully. "I do not care to dance. I'm going home. Mary Anne is there, and I shall not be afraid. Will you tell the girls I did not feel well, and came home?"

"Poor child!" she said. "I understand. I knew you would not go back, and arranged with Wilfrid to bring the others home. He knows all about it, but he will not speak until I see him. I will stay with you."

I would much rather have been alone, but could not be ungrateful enough to say so. I wanted to go to bed, where the darkness would cover my burning head and I could yield to the sobs which rose in my throat and for very pride's sake must now be strangled. I had not told Gabrielle and Elizabeth about what I had seen the night of our dinner party; I had meant to do so, of course, but weakly deferred it, because the telling was painful to me, and I hoped somehow to unravel the mystery and find the explanation I longed for. Then had come Mrs. Graham's trouble, and I had seen much of Gordon Bennett; so much that, little by little, I had put my doubts away from me and trusted the man in spite of everything, because my heart wanted to trust him, and because of something I saw in his eyes when they looked at me.

Lady Edith was very gentle and very tactful when she went back into the cottage with me. She explained to Mary Anne that I had one of my bad headaches and wanted to go quietly to bed. She told her also to bring me a cup of hot tea, and when I resisted followed her into the hall, and I heard a low-voiced conversation, of which I distinguished only the concluding sentences.

"Very well," said Mary Anne, in a tone of sullen remonstrance that surprised me; "very well, I'll make the tea, but

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I'll give it to 'er meself, so I will. I'll have no 'and in——"

"That is quite enough," said Lady Edith sharply. "You will make the tea and bring it here. I will come out and get it and take it to Miss Elise; she is ill, and cannot have you lumbering about her room."

After all, it was Mary Anne who brought me the tea, pushing the bedroom door open and marching to my side with the manner of one determined to do or die. I drank it, and she went away again, without a glance at Lady Edith, who sat beside me, saying nothing indeed, but occasionally touching my forehead with fingers which were cold rather than cool and now and then trembled slightly. I knew that in spite of her admirable self-control the evening had been an exhausting one for her as well as for me.

After a while we heard Gabrielle and Elizabeth come home, and she met them in the hall, telling them I had fallen asleep at last, but had been quite prostrate with a sudden headache, and would no doubt be all right in the morning.

I heard them say good night and come upstairs very softly in order not to disturb me. Then the lights went out, the house grew quiet, and I lay there alone with my secret—my two secrets, indeed, for I knew why Gordon Bennett looked at me so strangely, and knew also that he was unworthy a woman's love.

So I clinched my hands and fought my fight, and after a while the tumult in my brain ceased, for sleep is merciful and brings with it oblivion to exhausted nature.

This mysterious story will be concluded in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

GOOD-BY, OLD YEAR.

Oh, tuneful bells that ring at night!
  Oh, bells that greet the early morn!
Ring out the old year, bent and white;
  Ring in the new year, midnight born.

We all rejoice, and earth is gay
  To see thee, old year, in thy flight;
Some thoughts of thee we put away,
  And others will be ever bright.

Good-by, old year! Thy joys and pains
  To mortals have been truly given;
Methinks thy losses and thy gains
  Are balanced in the Book of Heaven.

Good-by, old year! An icy tear
  Old winter drops upon thee, low;
The clouds of January, cold and drear,
  Will wrap thee in a cloud of snow.

Good-by, old year! The morning's gray
  Falls on thy chilly winding sheet,
And with a smile I turn away
  To greet [illegible] year's infant feet.

—T. C. R.

* * *

HER NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Such a laughing and chattering of tongues as there was in Doctor Byrne's cozy and pleasant sitting-room.

"It was enough to drive a man distracted, as the good Doctor himself asserted, tho he looked as if he enjoyed it as well as the youngest among the merry group that surrounded him, none of whom ever thought it necessary to put on a long countenance because "father had come." Indeed, this was always the signal for increased mirth and happiness.

The holidays were approaching, and the Doctor's four daughters were all discussing the important subject of Christmas and New Year's gifts, and comparing notes as to the beautiful articles they had seen in the shop windows.

We said all, and yet there was one, a fair, sweet-looking girl, sitting a little apart from the rest, who did not join in this animated conversation, tho evidently from no unfriendly motives. This was Doctor Byrne's oldest and best-loved daughter, and he noticed her quiet mood.

"And what does Helen want for her New Year's gift?"

The Doctor regretted the question as soon as it passed his lips. Helen's quickly averted eyes filled with tears, her lips quivered, and, after silently struggling for a few moments with her feelings, she arose and left the room.

As soon as the Doctor could do so unobserved, he followed her, going directly to her chamber, where he found Helen sobbing so bitterly that he was alarmed.

"My daughter," he said, in a tone of tender reproach, "do not give way to your sorrow thus."

Helen lifted her head from her father's shoulder with a smile that was sadder even than tears.

"I know how ungrateful it must seem, papa, when I have so many blessings remaining. But I could not help thinking how he was here with us a year ago, so strong and full of life, and now——"

Here the sobs again choked her utterance.

The good Doctor was strongly affected, for Robert Tracy had been as dear to him as a son.

"But, Helen, it is not certain that Robert went down with the ship——"

Here Doctor Byrne checked himself, too wise, as well as honest, to hold out false hopes.

One morning, a few days later, Helen entered her father's study.

"Papa, would the present you spoke of buying me cost as much as fifty dollars?"

"Yes, my dear, all of that, certainly."

"Then would you as soon let me have the money, instead?"

Doctor Byrne smiled.

"What idea have you got into your busy brain now, Helen? Or is it that you are getting mercenary?"

A faint color came into the pale cheeks.

"It is not that, papa—but the Widow Howe, she that has the crippled boy, you know, thinks that she could support herself and children nicely if she had a sewing machine, and so——"

"I see! I see!" [illegible] the Doctor, taking [illegible] his pocketbook and putting two fifty-dollar notes in Helen's hand. "There is no balm for such a wound as yours, my daughter, like that of ministering to the needs and alleviating the sorrows of others."

"So I begin to find, papa," said Helen, with a smile that lighted up her face with more than its old beauty.

The first day of the new year had dawned, and was near its close. It had been a very busy one to Helen, and a happy one, as well; for hers was one of those sweet and loving natures that find joy in the reflected happiness of others. She had "caused the widow's heart to sing for joy," and this consciousness had brought into her own great peace.

All the younger members of the family had gone out to some entertainment. Helen had wanted to have a little talk with her father, but a stranger was with him, so the servant said, and with a lonely feeling in her heart, she went up to her room.

Doctor Byrne came up almost immediately. There was a strange light in his eyes, and more than usual tenderness and solemnity in his manner, as he laid his hand on Helen's head.

"How is it with thee tonight, daughter?"

"It is well, father."

"After night, the morning, after winter, the spring. God is often kinder to us than we can even ask or think."

"He is very good, father."

Doctor Byrne drew his daughter's arm within his.

"Come into my study, Helen, and get your New Year's gift. Because you have forgotten yourself in caring for others, did you think old father was going to forget you?"

"Oh, no papa; but you gave it to me, you remember, in money. I didn't expect anything—indeed, I don't think you ought to give me anything more."

"Well, well, my child, just come and look at it. If you don't want it, or would prefer its equivalent in money you can tell me so."

With a silent wonder in her heart, not unmingled with curiosity, Helen stood at the half-open study door.

The shaded light upon her father's desk revealed the faint outlines of a man who was standing near it, and who advanced eagerly toward her. Helen looked up, bewildered, into the face of the man she had mourned as dead, and then, with a faint cry of joy, threw herself into the arms that had opened to receive her.

Doctor Byrne almost regretted his precipitancy as he looked upon his daughter's pale face. But joy does not often kill, and his fears were entirely dissipated when he returned to the room an hour later.

The good Doctor was fond of a joke.

"If your present doesn't suit you, Helen," he said slyly, "I will try to exchange it, or give you its value in money—that is, if you don't rate the young man too high."

Helen glanced, smilingly, from her lover's to her father's face.

"You are very kind, papa, but I am very well satisfied with my New Year's gift. As to receiving its value in money, not all that the world contains can give what it is worth to me!"

* * *

Why He Was Concerned.

A big, able-bodied man of about middle age shuffled into the poor law guardians' office, and curtly bade the clerk good morning.

"Wot d'yer mean," he began, "by knockin' orf pore Widder Snugg's parish pay? She's a honest, 'ard-workin' woman, whose nose is in the washtub all day long, an' it's a wicked shame to rob 'er of 'er lorful rights."

The clerk took down a big ledger and silently consulted it.

"Mrs. Snuggs has married again," he said, "and the guardians have decided that she is no longer entitled to outdoor relief; and in any event, my man," he added, sharply, "I should like to know if the matter is any concern of yours."

"Concern o' mine," the man repeated. "Well, I should rather think so, guv'nor. If you stops the ole lady's pay you stops my daily ounce o' shag an' quart o' beer, too. I'm her noo 'usband."

CURED HIS RUPTURE

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write to me. Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 409 C Marcellus Avenue, Manasquan, N. J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

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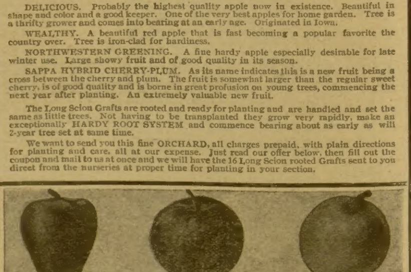

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The Coral Emblem.

(Continued From Page 3.)

red cloth band embroidered with queer gold characters and measuring at least five feet.

"The emblem of royal birth my lord. None but descendants of kings are permitted to wear this sash, and no royal marriage in our kingdom is complete without it. In our haste, we omitted to provide you with the insignia. It was this unintentional insult to our gracious majesty that caused his highness to—er—venture his protest."

Hurriedly adjusting the royal sash across my left shoulder, he added:

"I should explain that in our kingdom the final rite of the marriage ceremony is always performed by proxy. You will be joined in wedlock to the Grand Vizier of Nagarusalem, who represents the person of her majesty, Queen Ethalind the First. I hope I make matters clear, my lord?"

He hadn't; but he had succeeded in stunning me so that I scarcely knew how we reached the altar. At any rate, there I was, standing beside the Grand Vizier, while the Japanese high priest of Nagarism stood over us, jabbering away in some foreign tongue—probably his own—at the top of a powerful voice.

Suddenly he paused, struck the gong half a dozen resounding blows, and sank back into the obscurity of his niche.

The secretary gently touched our elbows. Wheeling abruptly, I found him standing at respectful attention, holding a tray on which reposed two glasses.

"The sacramental wine," he said, in a low voice. "Drink, my lord. It is the final act."

I was glad of that. A little more tomfoolery and I should have rebelled. I took the nearest glass, meeting the Grand Vizier's smoldering eyes as I raised it to my lips. We set our tumblers down empty on the tray at the same instant.

After that, my memories are so fantastic and disjointed that there is no possibility of going into detail. Vague shapes flitted to and fro before my vision. I recall trying to navigate thru a sea of shifting colored lights, and have a faint recollection of dropping on the bed in my prison room, altho how I reached it is a mystery.

The next definite impression, at any rate, did not come until I awoke to the consciousness of a splitting headache and general distress amid the prosaic surroundings of the city lockup.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

THE PICTURE BOOK.

The calendar which friendly thought
sends round to me each year
Is like a splendid picture book, replete
with grace and cheer.
There's January, with its scenes of
revelry so gay,
And February, white with snow that
soon must melt away.
The blustering winds of March surprise
the view with reckless fun
And April's rainbow echoes back the
smiling of the sun.
Then gentle May and rosy June make
way for fierce July.
Ere Midas' gold in August falls unwelcome from the sky,
September sighs and drops a tear. October comes along
And with November paints the woods
wine colors bold and strong,
Like those with which the twilight sky
mysteriously glows,
Until December brings once more the
shadows and the snows.
On pictures serious or glad in turn it
bids us look,
This friendly calendar which makes so
fine a picture book.

* * *

Our Holidays.

"Where did our holidays come from?" asks somebody. That depends; we all know how the celebration of July 4th came about and how old Thanksgiving day is; we understand why we ought to honor the birthdays of Lincoln and Washington and why we keep Memorial day. But these are all American holidays—what about this one that is just at hand and that is celebrated all over the world, New Year's day?

We shall have to go back a long way to find the beginnings of this day, and we will start with a man, Martin by name, who lived at least 1,600 years ago. He was a bishop of the Christian church—that was a new thing in the year 316, you know—and it is said that he worked miracles, and did other wonderful things, and suffered much for the sake of the new religion, so that afterward the Roman church set apart a day, a saint's day, on November 11th, in which his memory was to be honored, and called it Martinmas. One of the sweetest legends of those old days is the story of St. Martin and the beggar. The bishop was riding along and a beggar asked alms of him. Noticing how cold the man was and how poorly clad, the saint tore his cloak in two and gave him half of it. The next night there was a vision given to the bishop and he saw Christ Himself with the piece of cloak about Him, telling the story of the saint and the beggar to a group of angels.

St. Martin was very dear to the Germans and they decided to make his feast day, which you remember was November 11th, a day in which to celebrate the birth of the new year. That arrangement was appropriate enough, for the Germans, like other early peoples, divided their year into two seasons, winter and summer. The winter season began in November, when the ground was barren and frozen and they were compelled to drive cattle and sheep to shelter because the pasture was all gone. At this time of year they changed their whole mode of living; they deserted the fields and gathered round their firesides, and there were all sorts of festivities and amusements. Other nations looking on adopted the idea of making the winter season a time of jollity, beginning with Martinmas, and soon the celebration of that day became popular in Gaul and Britain.

Meanwhile, down in Rome they had made a calendar which placed January 1st at the beginning of the year. They called the month Januarius, in honor of their god Janus, a deity with two faces, one looking forward and one backward. That was a suitable idea, for we of today follow the example of Janus and look both ways on December 31st.

Presently the Romans swept up into Germany, bringing with them many of their customs, which were afterward adopted by the natives. Festivals became more and more common, but we are told that the one that fell on Martinmas was the jolliest of them all. After a time the Roman calendar was accepted, and then New Year's festivities fell on January 1st, tho it was not for hundreds of years that the legal beginning of the year was fixed on that date for the whole world.

Eating and drinking had a good deal to do with New Year celebration, but gifts were made, especially to sovereigns, and they say that Queen Elizabeth replenished her closets and jewel-cases every New Year's day. Gloves were a favorite gift to ladies, and they were as expensive in those early days as any part of a wardrobe. The sports of the time were rough indeed. "St. Martin's game" was a boar fight. The people went in crowds and watched two boars, inclosed in a circle, until they had torn each other to pieces. When it was over the meat was distributed among the spectators.

* * *

Cleaning Up.

This is a good time to have a mental housecleaning. It is a good time to get rid of the rubbish that has so long been a handicap.

The door of the new year, your home for almost twelve months, stands open. Don't pull along with you thru this door all the miserable, black, painful things which worried you, devitalized you, marred your success and your happiness last year. Don't drag any of these things across the threshold of the new year. Shut them out behind the closed door of the old year. Take across the threshold of your new home only those things that can help you, the friends of your success and your happiness; take only the pleasant memories, the helpful thoughts and suggestions with you. Leave all the others behind. Bury all your skeletons so deep that they can never come to live with you again.

You can make this year the grandest opportunity that ever came to you if you enter on it free of the mental loads you have been carrying for years.

* * *

Winter Birds.

The best New Year's resolution a bird lover can make is a promise to give free lunches to the feathered waifs of winter. This may be done by fastening pieces of suet to limbs and trunks of trees; by placing seeds or cracked nuts on the veranda roof or on the window-sill of your room. Sharp eyes will soon spy them.

The birds that either remain with you thruout the year or have come from the frozen North to pass the winter will enjoy these feasts. These are the birds that feed on seeds or the feathered carpenters that pry into the bark and dig into rotten wood in search of insects and insect larvae hidden there. The white-breasted nuthatch, the downy woodpecker and the chickadee stay in a cold climate during the long winter months. They will appreciate your lunches and will call on you frequently. Do not attempt to tame your visitors until they have made several calls for lunches. Then put a crude "dummy" with a false face near the window and raise the sash to let the birds enter. The chickadees will soon perch upon the shoulders and take nut meats from the dummy after a few days.

When the chickadees' confidence is gained, hurry to the window when you hear them call and quietly take the place of the dummy. They will be suspicious at first, and you may be disappointed, but when you have succeeded in taming them to alight upon your hand or shoulder you will enjoy calling them to you by a gentle whistle.

Slow movements and tempting morsels are the main secrets to successful bird taming. The chickadee, as you will find, is the easiest winter bird to tame. He has several songs and call notes. Do not expect always to hear him repeat his name, "Chick-a-de-de-de-dee."

* * *

THE MAGICAL DOOR.

There's a door in the wall of the ages—
A door that no man sees;
For the Angel who writes in the Book of
Time
Is the keeper of the keys.
Once in the year it opens,
At the solemn midnight hour,
When the children sleep, and the old
clock keeps
Awake in the tall church tower.

And then, as it swings on its hinges,
Whoever might peer inside
Would catch a glimpse of the centuries
That behind in the silence hide.
Egypt and Rome and Tyre,
All in that mythical place
Where the old years rest that were once
possessed
By the wonderful human race.

The shadowy door swings open,
And a pilgrim enters in,
Bowed with a twelve-months' struggle
In this world of strife and sin.
Waft him a farewell greeting;
He will pass no more this way—
This weary year who must disappear
In the haven of Yesterday.

The door still swingeth open,
And outward another comes,
With a stir of banners and bugles
And the beat of friendly drums;
His hands are full of beauty—
The cluster, the song, the sheaf,
The snowflake's wing, and the budding
spring,
And foam on the crested reef.

This is the New Year, darling;
Oh! haste to give him cheer;
Only the Father knoweth
The whole of his errand here.
This is the New Year, darling;
A year for work and play,
For doing our best, and for trusting the
[illegible]
To the Maker of night [illegible]
—M. E. S.

* * *

Took No Risks.

The black-haired boy had a mighty contempt for the tow-headed boy.

"Huh," he said. "Your mother takes in washing."

"Of course she does," the tow-headed satirist retorted. "You didn't think she would leave it hanging out at night unless your father was in jail, did you?"

Stop Tobacco

EASY-TO-QUIT is a harmless, effective treatment for Cigarette, tobacco and snuff habits. Can be given without patient's knowledge in coffee, tea or other drink. Odorless, tasteless, purely vegetable. Send name and address for trial treatment in plain wrapper. FREE! Treatment inexpensive. Send no money. Write NOW! THE ROGERS DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., 75 Lincoln Inn Court, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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Here we go again breaking all records for new, nobby, ahead of the time styles. Be the first in your town to wear a suit that's ahead of the time. You can do it free. Earn it while you wear it. We make suit to measure and prepay all delivery charges. There is

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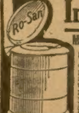

Indoor Closet

More Comfortable, Healthful and Convenient. Eliminates the outdoor privy, open vault and cesspool. They are breeding places for germs. Have a warm, sanitary, odorless, toilet right in your house. No going out in cold weather. A boon to invalids. Endorsed by State Boards of Health. W. M. Davis writes: "Your indoor closet is giving absolute satisfaction. It is certainly the thing for a home without sewerage."

ABSOLUTELY ODORLESS
Put It Anywhere In the House

The germs are killed by a chemical process in water in the container, which you empty once a month. Absolutely no odor. No more trouble to empty than ashes. Closet absolutely guaranteed. Write for full description and price.

Agents Wanted—Big Profits

Wonderful opportunities in every town, village and in the country. Best season just at hand. Every home is a good prospect. Sell eight out of every ten you call on. Ernest Bidnell writes, "Have ten orders." C. A. [illegible] says, "Ship at once, twenty closets and fifteen washstands. Sold them all in one community." Sells itself. Everybody hates the outdoor privy. Everybody wants a RO-SAN INDOOR CLOSET. Write quick for territory and full particulars.

ROWE SANITARY MFG. CO. 1202 SIXTH ST., DETROIT, MICH.
Ask about the Ro-San Washstand—Hot and Cold Running Water Without Plumbing

E. D. L. Phonograph FREE

Not a child's toy but a genuine machine. Plays any flat or disc record—spring motor attachment, speed regulator, marvelous sound reproducer, that reproduces speaking, singing, orchestra, band, instrumental pieces, etc., perfectly. Compares in every way with best machines made. Handsomely finished in mahogany, nickel plated trimmings, large horn, black japanned. This Machine FREE for disposing of only 24 sets of our new art pictures at 25c a set, and sending the $6 collected. Write for pictures today.
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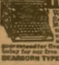

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We will sell you Underwoods, Remingtons, Royals, L. C. Smiths Monarchs, etc., at a saving from 50 to 70 per cent discount. Your choice of any standard new built machine at a bargain. Every one perfect and guaranteed for five years including all repairs. Write today for our free circulars and wholesale price list.
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$10 AND UP

LADIES, $1000! I positively guarantee my great [illegible] "Compound." Safely relieves some of the longest [illegible] affections in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference [illegible] $1.50, Double Strength, $2.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today. Dr. C. L. Southington Remedy Co., 515 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

NEW FEATHER BEDS, ONLY $6.40

6 POUND FEATHER PILLOWS $1.00 PER PAIR

New, clean, odorless, sanitary and dustless feathers. Best ticking. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for FREE catalog. SOUTHERN FEATHER & PILLOW CO., Dept. 121, Greensboro, N. C.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. T. Artol Co., 118 Nassau St., N. Y.

If You Can Tell a Lachnite from a Diamond—*Send It Back*

THESE new, man-made gems will be a revelation to you. Science has produced a gem that so closely resembles the diamond that you'll not be able to distinguish it.

AND we will send you any of the Lachnite Gems that you may select for a ten days' free trial. Make it cut glass—stand the diamond file, fire, acid. Then, if you can distinguish it from a diamond, send it back at our expense. Write for our new free jewelry book.

Pay As You Wish If you wish to keep the remarkable new gem, you may pay the rock-bottom price at the rate of only a few cents a day. *Terms as low as 3½ cents a day without interest.* No notes, mortgages or red tape.

Set Only in Solid Gold

Lachnite Gems are never set in anything but solid gold. In our new jewelry book you will see scores of beautiful rings, LaVallieres, necklaces, stick pins, cuff links, etc. from which you have to choose.

Send Coupon

For New Jewelry Book Put your name and address in the coupon or a letter or post card now and get our new jewelry book absolutely free. No obligations. Send your name and address now.

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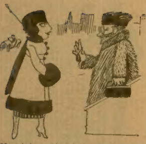
Gentlemen: Please send me absolutely free and prepaid your new jewelry book and full particulars of your free trial, easy-payment plan. I assume no obligations of any kind.

Name...

Address...



Mrs. Asker—"And is it a serious fracture that Van Speederly has?"
Doc—"Not very; it's in his head!"

The Wisest Nation.

"It says here, 'One of the idols most revered by the Koreans is the figure of a woman, seated, resting her chin in her hand,'" said Mrs. Chatterley, reading from the newspaper.

"Which proves that the Koreans are about the wisest nation on earth," suggested her husband.

"How's that, Joshua?"

"Well," said Mr. Chatterley, with distinct emphasis, "simply because they make a deity of a woman who has sense enough to give her chin a rest."

A Brilliant Idea.

Some time ago a local corps was reviewed by Sir Ian Hamilton, and there is a story told that one of the officers was mounted on a horse that had formerly distinguished itself in a bakery business.

A wag in the crowd is supposed to have recognized the horse, for he shouted out, "Baker!" The horse promptly stopped and nothing could urge it on. The situation was getting painful, when the officer was struck with a brilliant idea, and remarked, within hearing of his steed: "Not today, thank you."

The procession then moved on without further delay.

The Very Thing.

She was one of those little women who are always looking for something that will take up their husbands idle time.

"John," she said, "I wish you would mend the front door lock."

"C-can't!" replied John, quaking like an aspen leaf. "I've g-got t-he s-shaking ague."

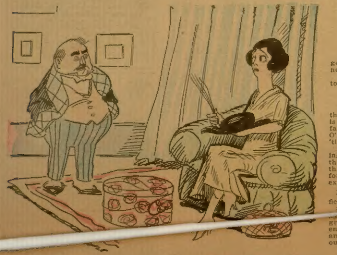
"Oh, well, then, I know the very thing; you can sift the ashes."

Making Herself Young.

"How do they tell a tree's age?" inquired the fair damsel.

"By its rings," explained her male friend.

"Is that so? Then I'd better leave off a few of mine."



Wife—"I'm sure I try to be economical! I made over that old hat of mine into a new one!"
Mean Husband—"You call that economy? You should have made over such a big hat as that into two new ones and a muff!"

A Mugwump.

The definitions given by the children of certain words which elude the lexicographer are sometimes amusing.

One little fellow, for instance, came to his mother with a complaint the other day and said:

"Maw, Johnny is such a mugwump that I won't sleep with him no more."

"Why, Charley," said his mother, "whatever do you mean? A mugwump? What is that?"

"Why, don't you know? But then you women don't ought to be expected to know nothin' o' politics. But father knows, an' he says a 'mugwump' is a chap what won't take either side, an' that's Johnny all over. He sleeps in the middle, an' where do I come in?"

Unavoidable.

Binks had only recently bought the new sixty horse power Diehard, and when his chauffeur ran it into the garage with all the tires cut to ribbons he was naturally annoyed. It is probable that he used language.

"Alfred," he cried, "what the blacking blue moon do you mean by bringing the car home in that state?"

"Very sorry, sir; I couldn't help it. It was an accident. I ran over a beer bottle."

"Ran over a beer bottle? Why, surely you could have seen anything as big as that and have avoided it!"

"I'm sorry, sir; but I couldn't. The boy had it under his coat."

Watchful Waiting.

A quiet but sorrowful motorist sat one afternoon by the side of a car that was drawn up near the pavement. A man in another car, who had passed the disconsolate one that morning, slowed up on coming level with him again and inquired:

"How long have you been here?"

"Several hours."

"Can't you find out what is the matter? Inlet valve all right?"

The other smiled. "That's all right," he said.

"Trouble with the spark plug?"

"Think not."

"How are the batteries?"

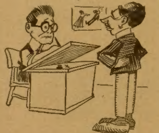
"All right."

"Got plenty of spirit?"

"Yes, plenty."

"Your tires look all right. What is wrong?"

"Oh," replied the waiting motorist, "there's nothing wrong with the car. But ever since ten o'clock my wife's been in that house. She came to see her sister's first baby."



Homebody—"I don't see where Wheezer gets so many jokes on married life. He's never been married."
Longwed—"That's why it looks funny to him."

Forgot the Word.

What if it should turn out at last that the reason the war did not end long ago is the same as that which prolonged the famous fight between Rafferty and O'Hanlon. 'Twas many years ago, but 'tis still good.

Rafferty and O'Hanlon had been spoiling for a fight for a long time, and when they came to it at last it was agreed that it should be whatever the Irish is for a l'outrance—no quarter given or expected.

As Rafferty put it:

"We'll foight till wan of us says 'sufficient.'"

So they went to it, and 'twas some fight. They tell of it now to the great-grandchildren. They were both at the end of their endurance, feebly slapping and punishing, when Rafferty gasped out:

"Sufficient!"

"For the love of St. Patrick!" whispered O'Hanlon, "Oive been tryin' to think of thot word for an hour."

Wanted Him Cured.

"Mr. Jones, you will either have to marry at once or leave our employ."

"But why are you so anxious that I marry?"

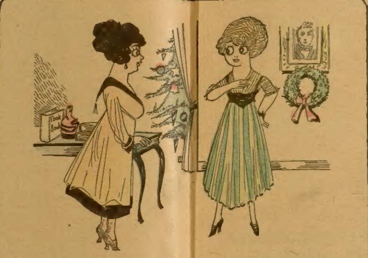
"While you are in love you do not half attend to your duties, and you must either be cured or fired."

Why She Wanted It.

"Algy, I want you to buy me a book."

"I am glad you are becoming literary, my dear."

"Fudge! This article says one way to acquire a good carriage is to practice balancing a book on your head."



"I think Mr. Hintly's attentions are serious, mamma."
"Has he said anything?"
"No; but for a Christmas gift he sent me a cook book and a volume on home decoration."

PLENTY OF PROBLEMS.

Women find this life complex,
Buying gewgaws for their necks,
Keeping up with styles in hats
And the latest things in rats.

As one regards the feet, good lands,
Hardly one knows where she stands.
Many problems come to vex;
Women find this life complex.

A Lazy Shirker.

Marmaduke Buskin, the fallen star actor, was touring as property man with a thrilling melodrama.

Thruout the evening he would stand in the wings, and there he would make the thunder, lightning and rain, gallop like a horse, shriek like a woman, wail like a baby, howl like a mob and hoot like a motor car. And all for $10 per week.

On the Saturday night the play was going merrily to a packed house. Marmaduke was letting off shrieks of terror, thundering with one hand, working the hailstorm with the other, while with his right leg he worked the wailing wind and with his left reproduced the crash of falling trees.

Then the leading man, who was being pursued by invisible bloodhounds, stuck his head round and roared at Marmie:

"Bark, you fool—bark! Why don't you attend to your job, you lazy shirker?"

Unjust.

"What's the matter, Johnny?" asked his mother, as her boy came into the house with a tear-stained face.

"I got licked in school for something I didn't do," bawled Johnny.

"That's an outrage! What was it that you didn't do?"

"An example in arithmetic."

Little Dangers of Wisdom.

"I've tried to teach my boy the value of money."

"Good thing!"

"Well, I don't know. He used to behave for ten cents, but now he wants a quarter."—Life.

Compulsion.

"If that bad boy insists on carrying a chip on his shoulder you shouldn't recognize him."

"I didn't," replied the square-jawed youngster, "so long as he kept it on his shoulder. But when he took it off and hit me in the eye with it I had to do something."

Appropriate.

"Professor, I have some money and I want to do something for my old college. I don't remember what studies I excelled in, if any."

"In my classes you slept most of the time."

"Um! Well, I'll endow a dormitory."

Suitable.

"That foreign vessel ought to be named the Poodle."

"Why so?"

"Because it is a French bark."

Extra Dry.

"Is the cellar dry?"

"The only trouble you'll have with that cellar is this—it's a trifle dusty."

Settling Him.

"Jane," said her mistress, "you really will have to put a stop to the visits of your follower."

"Yes, I must, ma'am," replied Jane.

"But you've said that before," expostulated her mistress, "and there is where it ended."

"I'm sure I've done my best, ma'am," said Jane; "it isn't easy. But I'll try and settle him on my next Thursday out."

Her next Thursday out came and went. Her follower also came and went (with Jane), and Jane eventually returned in a radiant mood.

"I've settled him this time, ma'am!" she exclaimed, breathlessly.

Her mistress was delighted. But in the hour of victory one should be generous to the fallen foes, so she expressed hope that Jane had not been too hard on the young man.

"Hard on him!" cried Jane. "No ma'am, that I wasn't. I've just married him and I leave at the end of the month."

His Scruples.

"I'm trying to raise de price of a ticket to Topeka," said the measly mendicant. "Can't you help me a little, and——"

"No!" replied old Festus Pester. "I have no grudge against the people of Topeka, and therefore cannot consistently assist in sending them a man with a neck so soiled that it looks like a section of corduroy road, and whose breath is like unto the reekings of a doggery."

Impossible to Hit One.

"My dear, a burglar fired a revolver at a Boston man and the bullet struck a button, thus saving his life."

"Well, what of it?"

"Only this. A man could shoot at me with a shotgun and never hit a button."

A Health Crank.

"Have you any nice coconnuts?"

"Yes, mum. Here's one full of milk."

"But is it sterilized?"

His Little Ruse.

A north country farmer, on a visit to London, entered a photographer's to have his picture taken. The photographer had a handsome shop, and he put the farmer in a chair, peered thru the camera, and then, coming from under his black cloth, said:

"By the way, will you have a drink?"

"Why, I don't mind," said the farmer, with a pleased smile. "What have you got?"

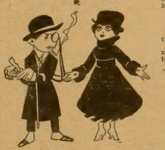
"Beer, whisky and ginger ale," said the photographer.

"I'll take——" the farmer began, but just then the other motioned him to be silent, inserted a plateholder, and took the picture.

After the operation was over the photographer handed the farmer his hat and started to escort him to the door. Had he forgotten about the drink? To remind him the farmer said:

"But what about that little invitation?"

"Oh!" said the photographer, smiling, "that is just a trade ruse of mine to give an interested and pleased expression to the face."



Genevieve—"There's one good thing about cigarettes."
Algy—"Which is?"
Genevieve—"They can't possibly lead to anything worse."

Her Badge.

Mrs. Black was an ardent worker in the temperance society, which was to meet that afternoon. She dressed hurriedly and came downstairs panting.

"Lizzie," she called to the maid, "run upstairs and get my temperance badge. I have forgotten it. It has a blue ribbon with gold lettering."

"Yes, ma'am, I know it well," said Lizzie. Lizzie could not read, but she knew a blue ribbon with gold letters when she saw it and had no trouble in locating it and fastening it on the dress of her mistress.

Mrs. Black was too busy greeting her friends to note that they smiled broadly when they looked at her. When the family was assembled at tea Mrs. Black entered and was received with laughter by her children, who made her look at her badge then for the first time.

The gold lettering on the ribbon read: "Redfield Poultry Show. First Prize, Bantam."

Horrors of War.

First Tramp—"Dis war is a curse, Bill!"

Second Tramp—"It's orful, Jake! Every freight car loaded full o' ammunition! Not a good, comfortable 'empty' anywhere to be found!"

Needy.

"Isn't it terrible about these poor struggling artists?" remarked Mrs. Wayback as she wandered thru the picture gallery. "It looks as if half of them didn't even have money enough to buy clothes for their models."

Too Rich Cream.

"To illustrate the uses of advertisements," says a well-known theatrical manager, "there is one experience I had of which I often think.

"I was driving when I came to a farm where there was a meadow to let. The owner of this farm would have made a good advertisement manager, for the big poster announcing that the meadow was to let was worded as follows:

"'This field to let, seventeen acres, for grazing. Persons having old cattle, or cattle with strong appetites, had better be cautious in turning them out to graze here, as my grass is so rich that it would be liable to injure them for the first week or so.'"

Family Secrets.

Mrs. Youngwed—"There is one queer thing I can't understand about Charley when he knows how anxious I am to meet all his relations."

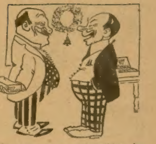
Mrs. Oldwife—"What is that, my dear?"

Mrs. Yungwed—"He always puts me off when I want to meet the nice uncle he is continually getting money from."

Condensed Plots.

"Why are you so fond of moving pictures?"

"My parents wouldn't let me read novels in my youth. I'm making up for lost time."



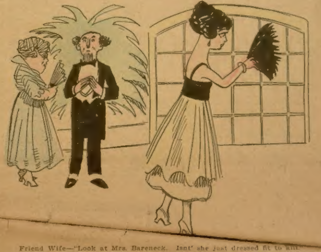
"My wife gave me something for Christmas that I can keep."
"My wife gave me cigars, too."

Might Lose Ball, Too.

Two English soldiers caused some amusement at a golf course one day. The first man teed up and made a mighty swipe, but failed to shift the ball. The miss was repeated no fewer than three times.

His pal was unable to stand it any longer.

"For Heaven's sake, Bill," he broke out, "hit the thing. You know we have only four days' leave."



Friend Wife—"Look at Mrs. Bareneck. Isnt' she just dressed fit to kill."
Old Pfogy—"She certainly deserves something but I'm opposed to capital punishment."

Youthful Logic.

Who can tell the working of children's minds or how all unwittingly, we may make ourselves appear unjust in our dealings toward them?

This was brought home to Mr. Heewit the other day as he took his young hopeful, aged 6, for a constitutional. The youngster was evidently thinking hard, for he was silent—which was unusual.

"Daddy," he said, looking up suddenly, "I think I want to get married!"

"Do you, my son? And who to, may I ask?" answered the proud parent, looking at him.

"I want to marry granny."

"Do you, indeed? And do you think I would let you marry my mother—eh?"

"Well, why shouldn't I?" retorted the tender logician. "You married mine, didn't you?"

A Mistake Somewhere.

A draper is bemoaning the loss of a customer at L——. A lady was in the shop on Saturday and bought some goods.

"How much is it?"

"One dollar."

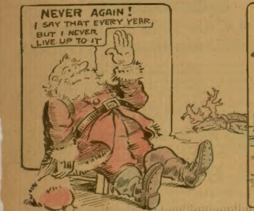
"Dear me! Ninety-five cents is all I have with me. Cannot you let me have it for that?"

"Really, I could not," said the draper, "but you can pay the next time you are in."

"Oh, but suppose I should die?" laughingly inquired the lady.

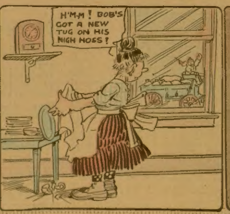
"It would be a small loss," rejoined the draper, but he saw from behind the injured look the customer wore as she swept out of the door that he had made a mistake somewhere, tho it did not dawn upon him until too late.

UNLIKELY NEW YEAR'S RESOLVES



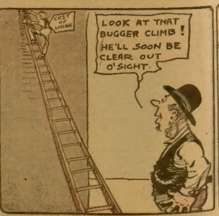
NEVER AGAIN! I SAY THAT EVERY YEAR, BUT I NEVER LIVE UP TO IT

Santa resolves, after his strenuous holiday season, never to celebrate another Christmas.



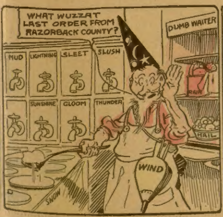
H'M-M! BOB'S GOT A NEW TUG ON HIS NIGH HOSS!

The hired girl resolves to quit rubbering out the window at every likely young man who passes.

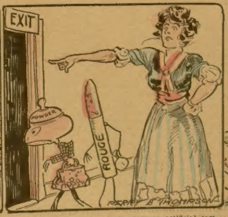


COST OF LIVING
LOOK AT THAT BUGGER CLIMB! HE'LL SOON BE CLEAR OUT O'SIGHT.

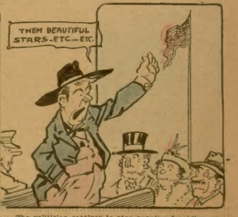
Dad resolves to keep pleasant, no matter how high the expenses go.



The weather man resolves to give everybody just what is wanted in the way of weather.



Sis resolves never again to wear an artificial complexion.



THEM BEAUTIFUL STARS-ETC.-ETC.

The politician resolves to stop running for office on a platform of meaningless generalities.

THE RIVER RAT

Or, The Perry Plates

By Wilder Anthony

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CHAPTER II.

SHARP and clear, distinct almost as if he had been in the next room instead of three stories below, the girl's voice came to Murray as he sat in the corner of the basement storeroom.

"I tell you it won't do, Dan," she was saying, in emphatic, half-angry tones. "You've got to dope out some other scheme. A battle of wits is one thing, killin' is another, an' we ain't up against it so bad we can't run an' hide. When you try to kill a man you admit you're scared of him, an' Tom Murray ain't got [illegible] goat yet. Get me?"

"I know, I know, Anna," a man's voice, which Murray recognized as that of Dan Shannon, the River Rat, took up the refrain; "but you're too—squeamish! These bulls are chasin' us so close we can't get room for action, and I'm sick of it. I thought that lesson Murray and Conrad got the last time, when you saved 'em, worse luck, would make 'em a little more careful; but it hasn't. They've been yappin' at our heels ever since, and if it wasn't for the plates we'd all be in the hoose-gow right now. It's a mighty good thing for us that Uncle Sam wants those plates so bad."

"An' it'll be the savin' of us yet," Anna rejoined. "Once we get the plates safe out of the country we can laugh at Murray an' the other pussy-foots. If we can slide thru tonight, Dan, we'll be in shape to make a clean getaway. The 'Gopher' says the tunnel is ready, an' those old-fashioned boxes will be as easy as cake tins for him. Then it's the Turnbury Road for ours. That's one place that Murray an' Conrad ain't wise to. Don't forget th[illegible] gotta get the plates [illegible] Perry cached [illegible] bagged [illegible] we can move ourselves. I don't like this place, Dan, an' I'll be glad to leave it. I think Tom Murray is hep to us right now an' I know Conrad was shadowin' me yesterday. I tell you, I ain't——"

Murray stifled an oath as he plucked the headpiece [illegible] from [illegible] stopped it with its trailing wires behind an ash barrel. It had taken him nearly two [illegible] The sound of footsteps on the [illegible] of the [illegible] told him that some one was coming, and in his [illegible] at his secret telephone.

When a few minutes after the inter[illegible] visitor had gone [illegible] complaining about the lights in his room—the detective snapped the receivers over his ears again. This time, however, he gave a disgusted snort. The conversation now going on between Shannon and his sweetheart was entirely worthless from Murray's point of view. In fact, the Rat was in the very act of leaving the building and going downtown. Murray stepped to the regular telephone in the janitor's office and called up Max Conrad, who was waiting at the corner drug store, and told him to follow Shannon; then he sat down and filled his pipe.

For a long time he smoked and thought intently. From what he had heard over the telephone he concluded that the crooks were planning to leave the country and this was no great surprise to him; but the talk about the plates worried him. Could it be possible, he wondered, that Shannon did not have the famous plates in his possession, after all? And if not, where were they? What had Anna meant when she spoke of boxes? And why had Gopher Martin been called into the game? As a bank robber and safe cracksman Ed Martin was without an equal in the country; but what had safe cracking to do with Shannon's getaway, and what did Anna mean when she said the tunnel is ready?

With a little shrug of his heavy shoulders Murray stood up and knocked the ashes from his pipe. Puzzled tho he was, he felt that the game, to a certain extent at least, was still in his hands and he had come to a quick resolution. Feeling in his pocket to make sure that his revolver was handy, he signaled for the elevator, and had himself carried to the third floor, where, after an instant's hesitation, he knocked boldly at the door of [illegible]

A [illegible] the door opened to show the pretty face and slender figure of a girl of about 23, who peered into the hall inquiringly. Feeling fairly secure in his disguise, the detective bowed deferentially.

"The radiators, ma'am," he said, "I've come to go over 'em, if you don't mind. We'll be turning in the steam pretty soon now if this weather keeps up and I want to be sure everything is all right."

The Polish girl nodded and stepped back for him to pass inside. "Go as far as you like," she told him, "those radiators will stand a lot o' workin' over if they don't deceive their looks; but I 'spose they're good enough for an old shell like this is."

Murray entered the room and crossed it to the radiator near the window. As he fussed with supply valves and air-cocks, his trained eyes, without seeming to do so, were everywhere at once, and he was not surprised to discover that Anna seemed to be packing for a journey. A large, partly filled suitcase lay wide open on the bed, while articles of feminine apparel were scattered about the rooms in confusion.

Anna closed the door and turned around to gaze quizzically at the detective's stooping figure. Murray could almost feel her eyes boring into his back as he made a pretense of being absorbed in his work. All at once the girl laughed softly.

"So it's you, Mr. Fly-cop," she observed, in a matter-of-fact tone. "I thought I knew those big flat feet of yours. Still up to your sneakin' tricks, I see; or have you turned honest an' gone into this janitor stunt for keeps? You might make a good one if you go to night school regular, altho I doubt it. You can't even handle a monkey-wrench like you knew how."

Murray flushed a little as he turned and stood up. It galled him to have his disguise, which was really excellent, seen thru so easily, and this was not the first time that Anna's sarcasm had touched him on the raw, but he hid his resentment under a bland smile.

"You ought to know me by this time, Anna," he remarked, making no attempt to deny his identity. "As long as you stick to Dan and stay crooked you can count on me not being very far away. You see, it's my bus[illegible] on people [illegible] you."

"[illegible] so?" Anna's tone was hostile in the extreme, and her heavy-lidded eyes traveled over the detective contemptuously as she deliberately rolled and lighted a cigarette. When she had perched herself on the corner of the bed and inhaled two or three big puffs of smoke, she went on: "I wasn't expectin' comp'ny an' my room ain't exactly tidied up, but seein' it's you I'll overlook the fancy stuff. Bein' as you're so smart an' clever, Mr. Fly-cop, maybe you'd care to read my hand an' tell me where I'm goin' an' what I'm goin' to do?"

Murray grinned tolerantly. Now that the girl knew who he was, his half formed plan of action on entering the room had suddenly resolved itself into the determination to throw his cards on the table and chance all on one bold move. He had bluffed his way thru tighter predicaments, and experience had taught him that truth is often far more deceiving than any lie.

"I might do even that," he answered dryly. "How about the house on the Turnbury pike? I don't suppose you were going there to meet Gopher Ed Martin and frame up a job that would put you in funds for a trip to Europe? Remember we know a thing or two, Anna."

Anna laughed amusedly at his cocksure way of stating his knowledge. If the shot had told she was too good an actress to admit it and her contemptuous amusement was as genuine as tho she had not a care in the world.

"The Turnbury pike!" she scoffed. "I wonder where you got that one? You plain-clothes bulls are sure clever. I don't [illegible] the Turnbury house has been a dead one with us since the 'Floradora' days, an' the last I heard tell o' the Gopher he was doin' a term at San Quentin for a soap job in Frisco. He'd be a good man if he had any brains, the Gopher would."

"Exactly what I think myself, Anna, and that's the reason you and Dan are going to supply them for him. But it's too late, my girl. You'll not pull any more jobs in this town, mark my words for it. If it wasn't for those plates I'd have had the Rat in handcuffs two weeks ago, and if you crowd me we'll let the plates go hang and run you in anyhow. We've got plenty 'on' you both as it is—don't forget that."

"But you won't run us in, tho," Anna jeered cunningly. "Not while them plates is cached where you can't find 'em, without our help. You won't lock up Dan for fear some other wise guy'll get the plates an' start passin' the 'queer.' You bulls know Dan, an' you figure as long as he's loose you can watch him, but a stranger would be different. But you're forgettin' one thing—you're forgettin' little me. I'm in this film myself, you know; and with all his faults Dan'll usually do as I say."

Murray bit his lip angrily. Anna had, as usual, hit the nail squarely on the head and he was obliged to admit it even to himself. So long as the Perry plates, those marvelous examples of the counterfeiter's art, were at large the authorities deemed it wise to allow Shannon his freedom, for badly as he was wanted the plates were wanted worse; and the detective's orders had been very plain. His bluff did not seem to be going as smoothly as he had hoped it would, and while he labored to remodel his plan of attack, he studied the girl in front of him in an effort to find the weak spot in her armor of assurance. It was a difficult task.

Anna puffed calmly at her cigarette and surveyed him thru a cloud of smoke with a studied insolence which she knew from long experience to be more tantalizing than any words. Her dark, long-lashed eyes were half shut, as tho from sheer ennui, and she leaned lazily back against the bed railing as if trying in a well-bred way to show her visitor that he bored her. Her constant association with criminals, as well as her inborn shrewdness, had taught her the value of self-control, and she concealed well the fact that she was really a little in awe of her visitor. Of all the detectives who had hunted Dan Shannon, Tom Murray was the only one who seemed to be in danger of finding out too much.

Exhaling a final puff of smoke, Anna dropped the cigarette end on the floor, reduced the fire hazard by placing a dainty heel upon it, and stretched herself like a drowsy cat.

"Well, Mr. F[illegible]," she remarked, with a yawn, "your company is very refreshin', but I wish you'd come to cases. You didn't come up here to pass the time o' day with me, [illegible] suppose, an' [illegible] the janitor don't put nothin' in little Anna's hole-proof. I've gotta date to spend the week-end with Mrs. Belmont on her steam yacht, an' she'll be peevish if I'm late."

Murray smiled in spite of himself. After all, he had nothing personal against the girl; she had done him one mighty good turn; and in a way he admired her for her stanchness. Furthermore, the game was not all played yet.

"You can pack up if you like," he said. "I won't bother you. It's not you I really want, Anna; it's Dan and the plates. I'm not forgetting that you saved my life a while ago, and when the final round-up comes, as it will come—mark my words for it—I'll try to see that you're not in the net. What I want now is those plates. Will you tell me where they are, or [illegible] have [illegible]? It'll mean the end of this hide-and-seek business for you, and I'll make you an offer. You're wasting your talent with this bunch of cheap crooks—we could use a smart girl like you on the force. Why not turn square and go into partnership with me?"

The Polish girl's slumbering eyes suddenly became live coals and she laughed in an ugly fashion.

"Throw in with you, h—l!" she blazed, with a lithe spring to her feet. "I ain't the welshin' kind, Tom Murray, an' you know it. I'm not askin' favors for savin' your worthless life—it wasn't from love o' you that I done it. I may not be so lucky the next time. Dan is only human an' he's gettin' dead tired o' bein' chased up the alley an' down another. If you want the plates—go find 'em. It's a free country; but don't come botherin' me with your troubles. I——"

She caught her breath suddenly and stared toward the unlocked door with startled eyes, while Murray's big figure stiffened and his right hand dropped into the side pocket of his blue denim janitor's coat. Some one was walking along the hall toward the room. Silent and motionless as statues, the two waited and watched, while the steps paused outside the door, which slowly opened inward.

A tall, very thin man stood on the threshold peering in at the scene before him with a pair of keen shifty eyes. He was clad in a brown business suit, he had a derby hat on his head, and in one hand he held a small parcel. For an instant he stared in surprise, then Anna flashed him a signal and his eyes narrowed.

"Come right in, Dan," the detective opened "and keep your hands exactly where they are. I've got you covered thru my pocket. This isn't exactly a business visit, and you won't get hurt if you behave yourself."

"Kind of a scouting expedition, eh?" Shannon sneered, baring his teeth in an ugly grin, while his eyes flashed from Murray to Anna and then back to Murray again. He came in and closed the door behind him with his foot.

Murray smiled inscrutably. "Call it what you like," he retorted. "I was just having a little chat with Anna, and was about to leave when you butted in. Now, we'll see."

The Rat looked around him nervously. In spite of his habitual self-control, he had hard work not to show something akin to fear in the trap he had entered. Murray held all the cards at that moment, and Shannon could see arrest staring him in the face. It would require cleverness of an almost superhuman kind for him to bluff his way thru, and for a little he was nonplused. Murray, however, seemed inclined to take things easily.

"Sit down," he ordered; and Shannon obeyed without comment. "Now," the detective went on, "we'll continue our talk. You have sense enough to see that I've got you, Dan, and you know what I can do if I like. I've got plenty of evi-

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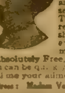

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dence, as things stand right now, to send you up the river for a long stretch; but I want the plates, understand?"

"I understand all right, but you won't get 'em," Shannon answered, with a nervous laugh. "Those plates are in a place where your whole outfit can't find 'em, and I'd rather do my stretch than lose 'em. Now what are you goin' to do about it?"

"Run you in!" Murray countered instantly, determined to make his bluff good even if it cost him the plates. He took the revolver from his pocket and rested it against his thigh so that its muzzle menaced the prisoner. "Conrad will be here in a few minutes, and we'll see if a touch of the sweatshop and a little third-degree stuff won't oil your tongue. I've got you, Dan, and I intend to keep you, unless——"

He was interrupted by a heavy, hurtling object, which sailed across the room and landed with numbing force on the arm and shoulder of his pistol hand and threw him down against the wall. As he fell, the detective's revolver exploded harmlessly, while Shannon, quick as a cat to take advantage of the opening, dodged out the door, closely followed by Anna. Half stunned by the blow of the chair the girl had thrown at him, Murray scrambled to his feet and regained his gun just in time to hear a key click in the lock of the door.

By the time he had smashed his way out of the room he knew that the jig was up for the time being, at least. Mentally lashing himself for being such a fool as to take his eyes off Anna and give her the opportunity to knock him down, he made his way to the ground floor, where he met Max Conrad mounting the steps.

"Did you see 'em, Max?" he demanded hoarsely.

"See 'em? See who?" Conrad stared at his partner with wide eyes.

"The Rat and his girl, d—n 'em!" Murray shoved his revolver back into his pocket and began to mop the sweat from his brow. "I had 'em both cornered in the room upstairs, but the girl downed me with a chair, and they both made their getaway—by the back exit, I suppose. At any rate, it's too late, now, Max. Come in and we'll talk it over."

He led the way back to the room he had just vacated and sat down, motioning Conrad to close the shattered door. Luckily that part of the building was untenanted at that hour and the revolver shot had passed unnoticed by any one. Murray hurriedly explained what had taken place, and his partner nodded understandingly.

"It's always the girl," he commented. "She's the real brains of the gang, tho Dan gets the credit. Anna takes the odd trick every time, even when she saved us from going into the river that night we really got the worst of it."

"I followed Shannon downtown, Tom, and he led me some little chase, believe me! Most of his doings looked innocent enough, but I've found out one thing. He's in cahoots with Gopher Ed Martin, and they've been meeting at a little dive on Front street. I got the tip straight from an old second-story worker that I did some favors for when I was in the Tenth ward. That looks fishy to me, Tom. Dan and Ed in the same gang—they never were pals that we know of."

"No; but they're both crooks, Max, and birds of a feather, you know. It's a bad combination, too, if you ask me. Ed Martin is the smoothest safe worker in the country, and with Shannon to furnish the brains and plan the jobs, they'll go far. Which is the oldest bank in the city, Max? Do you know?"

Conrad looked up in some surprise at this seemingly irrelevant question. For an instant he hesitated before he replied.

"The Independent Trust, I guess," he answered, after a little. "At any rate, I've heard that it still uses the old cast-iron vaults and deposit boxes that were put in there fifty years ago."

"Just what I thought, Max," Murray commented, with a grim chuckle, "and if my guess is right we may not end up so bad, after all. I heard something over the secret 'phone today that makes me think that Jim Perry hid his plates away in a safe deposit box before he was pinched. I think it will pay us to go down and take a look around the Independent, Max. From what I could gather I figure that Martin has been digging a tunnel somewhere that leads into the place where the plates are locked up, and he and Dan mean to make a try for 'em tonight. It would be pretty fancy billiards, Max, if we could make the pinch just as they get the plates, eh?"

"I should say yes!" Conrad's eyes lighted eagerly. "It would pay for all the setbacks we've had since we went on this job. The Independent storage vaults are in the basement next to the alley—I know that much. We should be able to figure out the rest if you're right about the tunnel idea."

The two detectives left the room and went down to the janitor's quarters, where Murray removed his overalls and dressed in street clothes before they passed out to the street and made their way downtown to mingle with the afternoon crowd that thronged the business district. For an hour or more, taking separate sides of the street, they wandered up and down, in an apparently aimless fashion, altho their keen eyes [illegible] were busy every minute. At last, they came together on a quiet corner three blocks below the trust company's building.

"It's that little cigar store across the alley, Tom," Conrad declared, in an undertone. "That is, it's there if it's anywhere, and I'm beginning to think your hunch is right. I know that kid behind the counter; it's Jew Louie—the boy who used to stall for the Snyder gang—and he's just the kind Shannon would pick for the job. They let him run the cigar counter, while Ed plays mole in the cellar. He's probably putting the last touches to that tunnel at this very minute."

"Perhaps," Murray admitted doubtfully, "but it wouldn't surprise me if he was not there at all. My wind-up with the Rat must have shown 'em the need of haste, and I'll bet he didn't lose a minute getting word to Martin to meet him somewhere to settle things. Dan wouldn't dare come here himself in daylight, that's a cinch. Our cue is to lay low until after dark, Max; then when Louie leaves the store we'll duck inside and investigate. We'll have to take a chance on finding any one in the cellar, but I don't think they'll get busy before midnight."

It was nearly seven o'clock in the evening when the boyish-looking clerk in the little cigar store across the narrow alley from the bank building pulled the heavy green curtains across the store windows and reached for his coat and hat. When he had locked the door and gone whistling down the street, Murray and Conrad, who had been watching from an upper window directly opposite, went down to the sidewalk, arriving just in time to meet a big policeman as he swung around the corner almost into their arms. For a few minutes the three men talked, the roundsman showing considerable excitement at what the others had to tell him, then the detectives crossed the street and stepped into the darkened doorway of the cigar store. A few minutes' manipulation of the bunch of skeleton keys he carried for just such emergencies enabled Murray to unlock the door, and the two slipped thru it.

Inside the store was very dark, but the detectives' pocket flashlights showed them a trapdoor behind the counter, which opened into the darker depths of a cellar. Proceeding cautiously down the narrow steps, they found themselves in a cement-floored room about twenty feet square. In one end of this room there was a large pile of boxes and packing-cases, while the other was filled nearly to the ceiling with a heap of loose earth. Murray grinned in delight when he saw the latter.

"That dirt speaks for itself, Max," he whispered. "The hole must be over there behind those cases."

His guess was right, for when they moved several of the boxes they found behind them a small aperture, extending thru the cellar wall and under the street. The hole was just large enough for a big man to squirm thru it, and, after feeling to make sure that his revolver was in readiness, Murray crawled into it, while Max Conrad remained behind to replace the boxes and destroy all traces of any one having been in the cellar.

Following the zigzag course of the tunnel for nearly thirty feet, Murray finally came to where it ended abruptly against a solid-looking stone wall. The wall was not so solid as it looked, however, for the flashlight revealed a series of small cracks which enabled the detective to swing back a block of granite and enter the dark room beyond. When he had replaced the stone, Murray carefully examined his surroundings.

He found himself in an oblong, low-ceiled room with double doors of steel at one end. Along the stone walls on two sides ran tiers of deep, metal deposit boxes, each having its own individual lock and number. Murray swept his light over these until it came to an angle formed by a corner of the vault and the jutting end of one of the tiers. It was just big enough to make an ideal hiding-place for a man of his stature, and with a soft chuckle of satisfaction he squeezed himself into it.

Hours passed, and Murray, badly cramped in the narrow angle from which he dared not move, had decided that it was after midnight, when he was aroused to a keen and lively interest by a faint, indistinct sound in the direction of the tunnel. Almost instantly the sound developed into a noise of grinding, and the detective nearly stopped

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Dr. Sauer, who has studied abroad in great European medical institutions, said: "As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only throw away patent medicines and nauseous concoctions and take simple nuxated iron I am convinced that the lives of thousands of persons might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, consumption, kidney, liver, heart trouble, etc. The real and true cause which started their disease was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by a lack of iron in the blood.

"Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of twenty and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—Nuxated Iron had filled him with renewed life. At thirty he was in bad health; at forty-six he was care worn and nearly all in. Now at fifty after taking nuxated iron a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate, or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children, is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete and prize-fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray; while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques another New York physician, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron, that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 200 per cent or over in four weeks time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

breathing as a thin shaft of white light shot out into the vault. Five seconds later the light was blurred by the head and shoulders of a man.

For a short interval the man remained poised in the mouth of the tunnel, listening and peering into the darkness; then he swung lightly to the floor. He was instantly followed by another intruder who carried a light which he flashed about the walls and ceiling. Then the two men moved along in front of the rows of boxes until they reached one near the center of the vault. Here the man with the light paused.

"That's it, Ed," he said; and Murray had no trouble in recognizing Shannon's voice, low-pitched tho it was. "Number seventy-eight is where Jim told me he put 'em. Now it's up to you."

Ed Martin—a broad, thickset man, with a shock of fiery red hair—chuckled raucously. "You hold the light, Dan," he directed, "an' you'll see how long it'll take me to rip up that tea caddy."

He opened a little soft leather bag he had brought with him and took from it a diamond-headed drill and a ratchet-brace, which, with a small bottle of oil, comprised all the tools he needed to open any ordinary safe. The drill bit into the metal front of the box as tho it were so much soft pine—Murray could hear its faint purring as he crouched in his corner—and in less than a quarter of an hour the lock was surrounded with a circle of tiny holes. Fifteen minutes more sufficed for the Gopher to cut the lock cleanly out of its bed, and the little door swung open.

Giving vent to a suppressed murmur of delight, Shannon held his light in front of the box and thrust a long arm into the opening. When he withdrew his hand it held a flat package wrapped in blue paper which he hurriedly tore open.

"There they are, Ed," he exclaimed, forgetting in his excitement to lower his voice. "There are the beauties that will make both our fortunes. Perry didn't lie, you see. He put 'em here before he was scragged an' —

His jaw dropped in sudden amazement, and he stood staring over Martin's shoulder like a man in a fit.

Standing just inside the little circle of light cast by the electric lantern was Tom Murray. In one big hand he held a revolver which seemed to threaten both crooks at once, while the other hand was stretched out toward Shannon; also there was a smile of quiet exultation hovering at the corners of his lips, which told plainer than words the mood he was in.

"You'd better hand 'em over, Dan," the detective calmly advised, after a long look into the Rat's startled eyes. "We've got you with the goods on you this trip, and there'll be no getaway. Conrad is in the tunnel even now, and we have a policeman on guard at the store. Come on, hand 'em over!"

For a long minute, while Ed Martin blinked sullenly into the muzzle of the detective's weapon, Dan Shannon hesitated. For a little it looked almost as tho he meant to make a fight for his plunder even yet; but when he saw Max Conrad's head and shoulders appear in the tunnel entrance he gave up.

"Take 'em, d—n you'" he muttered huskily, and dropped the Perry plates on the floor.

The End.

* * *

It is awfully risky for a pretty girl to go into a dark hall with a man—and that may be why she likes to do so.

THE YEAR IS DYING TONIGHT.

The year is dying tonight, my love,
If any will grieve, they may;
But you and I
With never a sigh
Will let him go on his way.

Far out of the midnight, over the snows,
Another right royally
Comes on apace
To take his place—
Another as good as he.

—Eugene A. Dolson.

* * *

Crow and Parrot.

Some years ago Carl Crow, whose recent book, "Japan and America," has been called the best presentation of Japanese aims and achievements written in many years, was a cub reporter on a Texas newspaper, one of his duties being to cover the police station. One day just before press time he made his usual trip to see the desk sergeant.

"Have a great story for you," said the sergeant. "We arrested a parrot out on Front street a while ago on a charge of using abusive language. The neighbors complained so much we had to go out and lock the old bird up."

After getting a few more details Crow rushed back to the office and wrote a funny story about the arrest of the bird.

He was congratulating himself on landing a story on the first page an hour or so after the paper got on the streets, when the telephone bell rang and he had to listen to a torrent of abuse from an irate lady at the other end of the line. It developed that she was Mrs. Parrot and she had been arrested for using abusive language, but she bitterly resented being written up as a bird. After she had exhausted her vocabulary and was preparing for a new start she asked.

"What is your name?"

"Crow," said the reporter.

"What did you say?"

"I said my name was Crow."

"You think you are mighty smart, don't you?" said the freshly insulted Mrs. Parrot as she hung up the receiver.

* * *

Desperate.

He sat in the millionaire's study and twirled his mustache and his walking stick alternately. Obviously his errand was a desperate one and from the anguished look in his eyes one could guess that his suffering was located around the heart.

"Sir," he cried, as the great man entered, "I love your daughter. Do not leave me in suspense! I know that I have nothing to offer her—neither money nor position. I know that my debts are heavy and that my chances of success in life are small. Yet, so deep is my love, so overwhelming, so all consuming, that I disregard these worldly trifles and dare to aspire to win her little hand."

"So? But to which of my daughters do you refer? Can it be——"

"Ah, sir," cried the agonized swain, "I leave that matter entirely in your hands."

* * *

Stopped but Once.

"How often, my good man," said the stranger at the wayside station, "do the trains stop here?"

"The trains stop here," said the sour station porter, "only once. After that they start."

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

The rate for one insertion in Chicago Ledger and one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size of ad or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher. 500 N. Dearborn St. CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS WANTED

BIG TEXTILE MILLS WANT AMBITIOUS men and women everywhere to show latest dress fabrics, neckwear, hosiery, underwear, and sweaters. 400 styles. Easy sales. Values beat stores. Many making over $30 weekly. All or spare time. Complete sample outfit starts you. Steadfast Mills, 18 Remsen St., Cohoes, N. Y.

LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS REPRESENTATIVES to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, [illegible] direct to homes. Write [illegible] samples. Madison Mills, 586 Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS NOT EARNING $900 YEARLY [illegible] show them how to make much [illegible] the inexperienced. Write today. Novelty Cutlery Co., 122 Bar St., Can[illegible]

AGENTS—I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff: [illegible] Sample and full [illegible] write quick. [illegible] St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—SELL RELIABLE CUSTOM MADE raincoats. Big commission. Complete sample free. Temple Raincoat Co., Box [illegible] Temple, Mass.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES TO men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract. Imperial Mfg. Co., Dept. 67, Parsons, Kans.

HELP WANTED

THOUSANDS GOVERNMENT JOBS OPEN to Men—Women. $75.00 month. Steady Work. Short hours. Common education sufficient. Write immediately for free list of positions now obtainable. Franklin Institute, Dep't. S 30, Rochester, N. Y.

MAN OR WOMAN TO TRAVEL FOR OLD-[illegible] firm. No canvassing. $1[illegible] first year payable weekly, pursuant to contract. Expenses advanced. G. K. Nichols, [illegible] Pepper Bldg.

WANTED—BY A RELIABLE HOUSE, MEN, women, young, old, to address envelopes at home [illegible] time. We mean business. Dime for particulars. Hanx Specialty Co., Roseville, Ill.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

OVER $2 DAILY EASILY EARNED KNITTING at home. Auto-Knitters furnished on time. Send 2c stamp. Dept. 78, Auto Knitter Co., 147 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y.

WE WILL PAY YOU $75.00 PER MONTH [illegible] and distribute samples. Expenses advanced. Write today. Stanton Co., 202 Pope Bldg., Chicago.

BECOME CHAUFFEURS. $25 WEEK. LEARN while earning. Sample lessons Free. Franklin Institute. Dep't. S 810. Rochester, N. Y.

$35 WEEKLY COLLECTING NAMES AND addresses. Send stamp. Ursus Company, Dept. A1, Chicago, Ill.

$35 WEEKLY COLLECTING NAMES AND addresses. Send stamp. Superba Co., W52, [illegible]

MALE HELP WANTED

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL, POST OFFICE, rural carrier "exams" everywhere soon. Get prepared by former Government civil service examiner. Booklet free. Arthur Robert Patterson, Rochester, N. Y.

DO YOU WANT A SURE JOB WITH BIG pay, easy hours and rapid advance? Write for my big Free book, DW 1034 which tells how you can get a good Government position. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

BE A DETECTIVE. EARN FROM $150.00 to $300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS — THOROUGH instruction, $5. Refunded if not appointed. Particulars free. American Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED—Continued)

WANTED RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS. $75.00 month. Sample examination questions free. Franklin Institute, Dep't S 28, Rochester, N. Y.

NO STRIKE: 8 HOUR DAY. MEN EVERYWHERE. Firemen, brakemen, baggagemen, $120. Colored porters, experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

RELIABLE AGENT WANTED. MARVELOUS new sickness, accident, death insurance. Box 831-E, Chicago.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, ALL RAILROADS, beginners $120 monthly. Railway Association, Monroe, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SILVER MIRRORS, PLATING TABLEWARE, auto-brass. Home plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Ind.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $25 to $50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Neb.

NAMES

WE PAY 25c EACH FOR NAMES AND ADDRESSES. Send dime for contract. Directory, Grand Rapids, Mich.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$15 INVESTED MAY MAKE $1,000 YEARLY. Gets warranty deed, also interest in cooperative oil well we're getting ready to drill in big gusher oil territory. $1 cash, $1 monthly. Four lots $56. Buy before raise in price, which may be soon. Particulars free. Triangle Oil Company, 407 Carter Bldg., Houston, Texas.

FARMS WANTED

I HAVE CASH BUYERS FOR SALABLE farms. Will deal with owners only. Give full description, location and cash price. James P. White, New Franklin, Mo.

FARMS WANTED— HAVE 7,000 BUYERS; describe your unsold property. 604 Farmers Exchange, Denver, Colo.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

LANDLESS PEOPLE! YOU CAN GET A farm home of your own in one of Michigan's best counties. Small or large tracts for general farming, stock, poultry, truck and fruit. $15 to $25 an acre, $5 to $100 down, balance small monthly or yearly payments. Near towns and schools. Excellent transportation. Write for literature and full information free. Swigart Land Co., X-1249, First National Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

YOU CAN DO BETTER ON A SOUTHERN farm. Send for a year's subscription free to our beautifully illustrated magazine, The Southern Homeseeker, which tells all about good, low priced land and Southern opportunities. Write F. H. LaBaume, Agrl. Agt. N. & W. Ry., 248 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

FARM FOR SALE

STOP! LISTEN! 160-ACRE VALLEY FARM, $3,000; five-room plastered house; 125 cultivated, two miles good town. McGrath, Mountain View, Mo.

MISSOURI LAND

HOMESEEKERS DESIRING LAND FOR homes or investment will receive valuable information and map of Missouri by addressing Immigration Bureau, Station A, Springfield, Missouri.

FARM LANDS

MR. WAGE SLAVE! VACANT LANDS OF United States, located by States, Territories, districts and counties; with brief description by counties. A billion acres open to homestead entry and purchase. 26 States with vacant land. Send 25 cts., coin, for book, The Land and the Law. B. E. Dixon, 1708 N Weaver St., Gainesville, Texas.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY. SMALL CAPITAL starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog Free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., Franklin Bldg., Chicago.

MOVING PICTURE PLAYS

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS; $25-$300 PAID. EXPERIENCE unnecessary; details free to new writers. Producers League, 400, St. Louis.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITERS!—STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED ON CASH and royalty basis. Inventors and manufacturers write at once. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 2044 Railway Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONG POEMS WANTED—FOR BEST OFFER submit manuscript to Needham Music Co., D 44, St. Louis Mo.

PATENTS

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Actual search and patentability report free. Send sketches and description, or model, of your invention. My patent sales service gets full value. 1916 Edition ninety-page patent book free. George P. Kimmel, 260 Barrister Building, Washington, D. C.

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

"PATENTS AND PATENT POSSIBILITIES" is a 72-page treatise telling what to invent and where to sell it. Manufacturers constantly writing for patents. Help supply the demand. Books free. H. S. Hill, 933 McLachlen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS THAT PROTECT. ADVICE AND Books Free. Highest references. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F St., Washington, D. C.

OLD COINS WANTED

WILL PAY $10.00 TO $750.00 FOR CERTAIN $5.00 gold without motto. We want and offer cash premiums for all rare dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, nickels, cents, paper money and stamps. Send 4c now. Get our large coin circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

HONEY

BEST QUALITY NEW CLOVER HONEY. 30 lb. can $3.60; two or more cans, $3.45 each. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Sample 10 cts. Price list free. M. V. Facey, Preston, Minn.

TRAPPERS

GAS WILL DRIVE THOSE SKUNKS OUT OF their dens. Particulars free. Calhoun, Sturgis, Michigan.

PERSONAL

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure varicocele, stricture, chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

PERSONAL—WANTED QUICK—NAME AND address of reliable single man who would marry wealthy lady who could assist him financially. Enough said. If interested write quick for more particulars. Address Allen Ward (B 520), Valley, Nebr.

LET ME READ YOUR CHARACTER FROM your handwriting. Mind you get a good reading that will help you in love, health, business and domestic affairs. Price 10c. Money back if dissatisfied. H. G. Beauchamp, 2583 8th Ave., New York City.

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE THE SPECIALIST will obtain his latest book on symptoms and cure for varicocele, stricture and urinary diseases. Every man should have it; postage 4 cents. Send today. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

BIG MARRIAGE DIRECTORY MAILED ABSOLUTELY free. Hundreds, noble ladies seek early marriage. Many are handsome and wealthy. Ideal Directory, 538 So. Dearborn St., Chicago.

MARRY RICH, BE HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS. Big list of descriptions and photos of congenial people with means free. Sealed, confidential. Either sex. Standard Club, Box 607, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRIAGE PAPER COMPLETE WITH photos, descriptions, names and addresses, 3 months for 25c. Wren, 44 Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

REAL PHOTOS, ARTISTS' MODELS, BATHING girls, etc. Silver dime brings sample and catalog. B. W. Shaw, 44 Boylston St., Boston.

RELIABLE CLUB ESTABLISHED 10 YEARS. Large list wealthy members. Confidential, descriptions free. Mrs. Wrubel, 732 Madison, Oakland, Cal.

MARRY IF LONELY; HUNDREDS RICH wish marriage soon; confidential; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, Calif.

"FROM THE BALL ROOM TO HELL" mailed anywhere 25c. L. E. Muncy, 136 E. Pleasant Ave., A, Syracuse, N. Y.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Mailed Free. The Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY RICH. HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO marry. Descriptions and photos free. H. Unity, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBLICATION for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency 66, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Chicago Ledger

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BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

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READERS WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

All men are born free and unequal.

Nineteen seventeen looks like a winner.

Also the path of duty leads to ultimate happiness.

But most of the old saws have lost their teeth.

Here is where the old year goes into liquidation.

Better a dinner without meat than a domestic broil.

Being popular consists largely in remembering what to forget.

Sometimes a cigar draws better than the actor it is named after.

The woman who hesitates usually has an impediment in her speech.

Just now the closed season for coal chuting is beginning to open.

Make as many good resolutions as you can keep—and then keep them.

Anyway, an ounce of prevention costs much less than a pound of cure.

There are many kinds of foolishness, but the meanest kind is selfishness.

The wife of a lazy man always thinks that other people misunderstand him.

Some bachelors hurry thru life as if a leap-year widow were chasing them.

It's as risky to praise a woman's husband to her face as it is to criticise him.

It takes a man to explain things to a woman that he doesn't understand himself.

Many a self-made man might be happier if he could blame the job on somebody else.

A man who is supposed to know says that marriage without love is like hash without onions.

Some men are like roosters; they let their wives do all the work and they do all the crowing.

As the alleged ancestors of some of our old families Adam and Eve have much to answer for.

A silent man often has a reputation for knowing about ten times as much as he really does know.

While taking stock at the end of the year we should all try to close out our leftover supply of meanness.

Again there looms above the horizon the citizen who begins the new year by making loud and foolish noises.

Of course men are not vain, but just tell a man of 50 that he doesn't look a day over 30, and watch the effect.

Many a man who isn't satisfied with the ills he has peruses drug store almanacs and acquires others he knows not of.

Gentlemen should avoid welcoming the new year under conditions that enable them to see a flock of new years coming in as the clock strikes twelve.

Home and Health

THE MONTH TO MARRY.

Marry when the year is new,
Always loving, kind, and true.
When February birds do mate,
You may wed, nor dread your fate.
If you wed when March winds blow,
Joy and sorrow both you'll know.
Marry in April when you can,
Joy for maiden and for man.
Marry in the month of May,
You will surely rue the day.
Marry when June roses blow,
Over land and sea you'll go.
Those who in July do wed,
Must labor always for their bread.
Whoever wed in August be,
Many a change are sure to see.
Marry in September's shine,
Your living will be rich and fine.
If in October you do marry,
Love will come, but riches tarry.
If you wed in bleak November,
Only joy will come, remember
When December snows fall fast,
Marry, and true love will last.

❧

FASHION NOTES.

Tassels of beads are an easy trimming for a hat. They must be placed with skill, of course, to look right.

There are various little fur ornaments that can be bought for trimming hats. These are especially smart used on velvet hats.

A novel feature is a neckpiece with the ends finished to form small change purses. These are arranged so that they shall be decorative as well as practical.

It is quite noticeable that in any assemblage of women the one-piece dress predominates to an extraordinary degree. For street wear serge or jersey is chosen, fashioned on long lines, with usually a touch of embroidery in floss, wool or metal threads. Fur is frequently used, but not too lavishly. If a separate coat is worn the frock may be fashioned of satin, crepe or Georgette, and one exquisite model cut on lines distinctly moyen age is developed in taupe and silver brocade girdled with a silver cord.

❧

RECIPES.

FRENCH BEAN SOUP—One pint of white beans, two or three onions sliced, salt six or eight quarts of water. Boil hard so beans will go to pieces; add three or four pounds of forequarter lamb, cut small and fat removed. In time to cook add one quart of potatoes and two carrots cut in dices.

CHEESE CUSTARD—One cupful grated cheese, salt, one-half cupful milk, paprika, four eggs. Add cheese to milk and beat until cheese is melted. Remove from the fire and add the beaten egg and seasoning. Pour into buttered ramekins and set in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven till "set."

NUT SANDWICHES—Mix equal parts of grated cheese and chopped English walnuts (other nuts can be used), season with salt and cayenne and spread between thin slices of bread, slightly buttered. When meat sandwiches are desired, cold beef or veal loaf or deviled ham make excellent ones.

MACARONI AND CHEESE—One cupful macaroni, one pint milk, one tablespoonful butter, one cupful grated cheese, two tablespoonfuls flour, salt and pepper. Break macaroni small and boil in salted water. Make a cream sauce of one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one tablespoonful butter, salt and pepper. Stir in grated cheese and place all in a buttered baking dish. Bake until brown.

❧

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

To cut hot bread or cake perfectly heat the knife.

Turnips and beets are improved by adding a couple of tablespoonfuls of sugar when cooking.

To get cake out of a pan whole when taken from the oven set it on a wet cloth for five minutes.

To remove the smell of fresh paint put a pail of cold water in the room and change it every three hours.

To prevent your skirt of washable material from sagging when it is laundered, pin it to the line at the waistline, so that it will hang straight down.

When using paraffin melt in an old tea or coffee pot, and you will be interested to see how easy it is to pour the contents of the pot into jelly glasses or other receptacles after they have been filled and need to be sealed. No scattering drops will sprinkle the floor and your apron.

❧

HEALTH NOTES.

Crooked teeth are common and are due largely to insufficient exercise of the remove tartar from the teeth.

The acid of lemons applied locally will jaws, premature loss of temporary teeth, adenoids, mouth breathing and thumb sucking.

The continued use of grease will darken the brows and lashes, and will not injure as a dye does. Make a mixture of one dram of red vaseline and one grain of sulphate of quinine. This is put on night and morning, leaving some of the grease in the hair. Always rub the brows in the direction in which they grow. Apply with small brush or tip of fingers.

❧

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

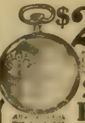
Many of the new workbags that can be made of silk or cretonne show cords, instead of ribbons, with fringed tassels as a finish.

The practical uses to which crochet may be applied seem to be endless, buttonholes in heavy linen or any material where a strong buttonhole is required can be worked by means of crochet. Cut the button hole the correct size, and then crochet around it with single crochet stitches, using a fine cotton and very fine hook. If the material is inclined to ravel, the edge may be whipped before crocheting, but if the goods is firm, this is not necessary. This sort of a buttonhole is strong, firm and quickly accomplished. This is an excellent way to make buttonholes in children's undergarments or pique dresses

❧

HERE'S TO LAUGHTER.

Here's to laughter, the sunshine of the soul, the happiness of the heart, the leaves of youth, the privilege of purity, the echo of innocence, the treasure of the humble, the wealth of the poor, the bead of the cup of pleasure, exclaims a writer in the New York Herald. It dispels dejection, banishes blues and mangles melancholy, for it's the foe of woe, the destroyer of depression, the enemy of grief; it is what makes kings envy peasants, plutocrats envy the poor, the guilty envy the innocent; it's the sheen on the silver of smiles, the ripple on the water's delight, the glint of the gold of gladness; without it humor would be dumb, wit would wither, dimples would disappear and smiles would shrivel, for it's a glow of a clean conscience, the voice of a pure soul, the birth cry of mirth, the swan song of sadness.



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The Boy Skipper

Or, The Skylark's Cruise

By Milford Merrill

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CHAPTER IV.

THE pale cheek of Elias Caswell flushed under the crude brutality of the mine owner's speech. His reference to the gentler sex was especially displeasing to the high-strung lad, student and refined youth that he was. He at once rose to take his departure.

This boy from Illinois way was proud. He had a feeling that he had been insulted by the big man of Ironport.

"Very well, sir," said he, "there's is no chance for an argument."

"Not going, boy?" cried the mine owner, who was used to having mankind in general bow down to his superior will. "You don't look very tough. Sit down and let's talk it over."

"There is nothing to talk over, sir," retorted Caswell, with dignity. "I did not come here to be browbeaten. Your wife treated me with common respect, and I was assured that the prospect for landing a position was good. You say it is not. I shall seek work at another place."

"What can you do?"

"Anything in the line of office work."

"Where were you employed last?"

"In the store of Breton & Dunham, Michigan City."

"Why did you leave them?"

"Well, various reasons, the most pressing of any being that I wanted to get North where the lake breezes blow, where they tell me there's health——"

"Oh! Ah, I see!" interrupted the other. "You are consumptive."

"No, sir, I am not, but I am not as rugged as some folks. I have studied pretty hard and that took me down somewhat."

"I'll tell you what you need, 'Lias," grunted the big man, shortly.

"Well?"

"Outdoor exercise. To confine yourself to an office, even in the Superior country, wouldn't be good for a slim chap like you. Now, if you let me be the judge, I'd say take work that leads you into open spaces, up to the mines, down among the freighters at the [illegible] and the like. [illegible] you care to accept something like that, my boy?"

Mr. Stanley's voice was softened. He seemed ready to act more humanely when he saw that his visitor was no ordinary personage.

"That would exactly suit me, Mr. Stanley," cried Elias, with quickening pulses. "Can you advise me where to find such a place?"

"I reckon I can," was the smiling reply.

"Well, please direct me, and I shall always be glad that I came here——"

"So, so! That's all right, my boy," chuckled the mine owner. "I will see that such a place is open for you right here, under my supervision."

"Do you mean that you will employ me?"

The speaker thought of pleasant Mrs. Stanley, and more especially of that girl with the fluffy gold in her hair and heaven's sunshine in her eloquent blue eyes. He should become better acquainted with both if he secured a position at Ironport.

"Yes, that's what I mean. You saw that gawk that I ordered out of here when I came in. Well, he's been trying to fill that place; to drive a rig from my office to the docks, to the mines, to the country, in fact, anywhere I wish to go. He's a flat failure."

"Then you would give me his place?"

"Sure thing."

Elias Caswell sat down once more.

"But what will become of him—of Jibb Selkirk, Mr. Stanley?" queried the very sympathetic youth from Michigan City.

"That's nothing to you, is it?" Again the man's voice took on a harsh intonation.

"It might be," adjudged the visitor thoughtfully. "Shouldn't like to deprive anybody else of a job."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter a crack of a blacksnake what happens to that gandershanks. If he'd go dive in the lake and never come up 'twould suit me to a T. But he won't, no fear of that. He's too big a coward for that. Will you take the job, Caswell?"

"What are its duties?"

"Just what I told you; almost wholly open air work. You won't have to take care of the horse. I have a man to look after the stables. There'll be some clerical work, too, at times, just enough to keep you from becoming rusty. What say? Speak up now or go. I've lots of things to attend to, and can't waste any more time here now?"

"I'll take the place," said Elias. "I'll go down to the Skylark and fetch my baggage. About board and lodging?"

"You get that here, of course," said Stanley. "Now, as to wages. I think ten a week ought to do for a starter. How does that strike you, 'Lias?"

"It suits me, Mr. Stanley." It did, since the boy had no expectation of earning more than a nominal stipend at the outset.

That night Elias Caswell found himself installed at the big stone mansion at Mound Grove as the handy man of the Stanley & Weymouth Mining Company. He was truly elated, and very anxious to acquaint his friend Phil Hatchway with his good luck.

The next morning Captain Phil called on the mine owner at his uptown office, where he encountered Elias just driving away.

"So this is where you landed?" asked the surprised young captain.

"Yes, Phil," returned the happy Caswell. "I seem to have been very fortunate. I will tell [illegible] about it when I [illegible] more time."

The boy skipper entered the office. A boy showed him into the inner sanctum, where the big mogul sat in consultation with a couple of mining bosses. They rose as the boy entered.

"Everything is arranged satisfactorily, Judkins," grunted Stanley, as he escorted them to the door, after which he turned and motioned his boy caller to a seat.

"Are you ready to unload the Skylark, Cap'n Hatchway?"

"That is already done, sir."

"How is that? I thought I was to have the shipment of meat and flour?"

"Well, so I understood, and that is why we placed the stuff in one of your warehouses."

"Ho," chuckled the big man, "you're a smart one, Phil Hatchway! You must have worked half the night to get that cargo docked so early today."

"I found a crew who were ready to do that, sir, and I let 'em do it. I am ready now to talk business."

"So am I."

The two discussed the matter of a return cargo. Phil rather reluctantly agreed to put in a load of ore for one of the mine owner's customers in South Chicago.

"Now that is settled," finally concluded Stanley, "come out and take a spin with me and see the town. My new man will drive us."

The boy skipper was not averse to accepting the other's offer, and was soon riding with the mogul of Ironport behind a span of swift bays, with Elias Caswell on the driver's seat. Our boy hero, who had not seen much of his friend during the past year, marveled much at his expert manner of handling the reins. Elias certainly proved an excellent driver, avoiding contact with cars and other swiftly driven teams. This was before the days of the taxi, when the blooded horse took the lead in almost every sporting and pleasure event.

"I must congratulate you on the efficiency of your new man," said Phil, as he was about to part with Mr. Stanley at one of the hotels.

The boy skipper had refused to accept the hospitality of the mine owner further, since he had much on his hands to accomplish before casting off moorings and setting sail once more.

His father had instructed him to seek out a man named Job Kinderhook, who was supposed to live somewhere in the copper country, an old man who had once been an intimate friend of the grizzled old mariner, Tobias Hatchway.

"Tell him, when you find him," said the father, "that I want him to come and see me before the last summons. You won't forget, boy?"

"I am not likely to, father," declared Phil, confidently.

Up to now, altho he had made some inquiries, and scanned the pages of a city directory, Phil had met with no success.

"Oh, that chap is all right," chuckled Mr. Stanley, referring to his new acquisition. "I imagine I have found a prize in Elias Caswell."

"He is fine boy, all right," avowed Phil. "He tells me he and you are long-time friends."

"Which is true. By the way, Mr. Stanley?"

"Well?"

"I don't imagine you know a man in this region named Job Kinderhook?"

Phil had been cautioned by his father not to be too intimate with the boss of Ironport, but in this the skipper of the Skylark imagined there could be not the slightest harm.

From what his parent had said of David Stanley, Phil regarded him in anything but a pleasing light; yet as long as he did business with the man he could not be otherwise than friendly.

"Eh?" ejaculated the mine owner, who had been walking with Phil, having sent his driver back home with the horses and carriage. "Did you say, Kinderhook, Mr. Hatchway?"

A sudden deep interest seemed kindled in the eyes of the speaker.

"Yes," repeated the boy skipper, "Job Kinderhook."

"And do you know that man?"

"Hardly," laughing. "He is an old friend of father's, however, and I thought I would hunt him up when I come to the Superior country. So you know the man, sir?"

"Oh, yes, I knew him long ago. He is dead, I think."

The mine owner drew out his handkerchief and blew his nose violently.

"In that case I shall not need to look him up."

As the boy was about to enter the hotel, the hand of his companion detained him. The face of the boss of Ironport was suddenly bent close to the ear of the blond and handsome Phil Hatchway.

"Dead or living, my boy," he growled, "cease troubling your mind about him. He could aid you in nothing, and might prove your evil genius. But I am sure he died last year. In any case, lad, go about your business and seek not to find that evil man."

With that the man turned and walked briskly away.

CHAPTER V.

SOME time later, as the crew of the Skylark were about to cast off from moorings and accept a tug's assistance out into the lake, a man came hurrying down to the dock, a little old gray man in cheap clothes and with a hawk eye. He doffed his cap to the boy skipper who stood near the edge of the dock giving direction to the movements of the men.

"Are you the captain?" asked the stranger.

Phil assented.

"Then let me ask you if I can take passage on this craft."

"Where to?"

"Chicago."

The boy skipper shook his head as his eye ran over the applicant. He was not predisposed in the man's favor. Something in the restive black eyes warned the youth against the stranger.

"This is not a passenger boat," he said.

"I know that, of course," assented the other. "that's one reason why I should like to take the trip. Say I may go, mister."

Phil still shook his head.

"You refuse utterly?"

An angry flash came from the man's eyes.

"That's it," returned Phil. "I can't be bothered with passengers. We have no accommodations for such. You'll have to seek one of the steamers made on purpose for such work."

"You play me dirt'" sneered the man, turning as if to depart.

"Cast off the bowline," called the voice of the mate.

As the boy captain was about to step aboard, the applicant for a passage ran back to the edge of the dock.

"It's important that I go with you," he cried in a hoarse voice of urgent entreaty. "I have a mission down the lakes—at Muskegon."

"At Muskegon?"

Phil whirled upon the speaker. It was there that his father resided, and it had been the boy skipper's home since his earliest memory.

"Have you friends there, sir?" demanded Phil.

"A very partic'lar one, Tobias Hatchway. Some related to you, isn't he, young feller?"

"He is my father."

Naturally the boy captain was interested. He eyed the stranger keenly. He had surely never seen him before. Of course, the elder Hatchway had made innumerable friends thruout the lake region during his long life as a sailor before the mast and later as a skipper. Phil thought of this and hesitated. His determination, however, was made up a minute later, when the man said in a cracked, unnatural voice:

"Haven't you heard your daddy mention the name of Job Kinderhook?"

"Many times," echoed Phil.

"Well, boy, I am that very person," quickly declared the man. "Now I reckon you won't refuse passage to a friend of your daddy's."

As the fellow essayed to step aboard, the hand of Phil Hatchway crowded him backward, rather roughly at that.

"Wha—what d'ye mean treating an old friend of Tobias like this?" spluttered the stranger.

"I mean," said Phil, in a low, stern voice, "that I want you to take yourself away at once."

"But as Job Kinderhook——"

"You are not Job Kinderhook," came back the swift reply. "You are an impostor. Do you hear me, sir. Go off at once, or I'll call a policeman!"

"All right," retorted the old man, turning away. "You'll be sorry for this some day, Phil Hatchway. Even an old man can't be trod on with impunity. If your father knew of this he would disown his son."

With that the old fellow scuffed off, never once looking back as the Skylark was warped out into the stream and set her nose toward the outer lake.

Phil had received a minute description of Job Kinderhook from his father before sailing, and this man in no way answered to that description. The boy skipper was a keen observer of human nature and he could see thru this stranger's effort to get a free passage under false pretenses. There was, as Phil had said, no place on board the Skylark for passengers, since no provision had been made for even one, aside from the crew.

Phil was glad that his friend Elias had found work in the North country, altho he doubted his remaining long with the arrogant mine owner. His first impression of that worthy nabob was very unsavory. The boy believed he was not only a tyrant in his own home, but a mean grinder of men in his employ.

The bright face of Maida Storrs came to haunt the brain of our boy hero. He saw little of her, however, and almost envied his friend Elias Caswell his good luck in sojourning under the same roof with such a charming girl.

Phil wondered if the stepfather was not good to her. The tired expression he had noted on the face of Mrs. Stanley, when he caught a brief glimpse of it as he called on the mine owner, convinced the boy that life even for a millionaire's wife was not always a bed of roses.

There were some things about David Stanley that puzzled the boy skipper. He had caught him gazing intently at him more than once. When detected in this, the man would grunt and turn aside his head with mumbling that revealed

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nothing to the listener. On the whole, Phil Hatchway decided that the less he had to do with the grand mogul of Ironport the better it would suit him.

Seas were light, and the Skylark passed down thru the Soo locks and forward to St. Ignace without any mishap. Here the boy halted for one night, having a little business matter to transact for his father.

The next day, about noon, when scudding across the rolling surface of upper Lake Michigan, the boy captain ran directly into a man who had seemingly risen from the deck at his feet. It was the fellow who had sought passage of Phil at Ironport on the day of sailing. How he had got onto the craft without discovery puzzled the boy. He was angry and annoyed.

"You brazen rascal!" he cried, seizing the collar of the little old man, shaking him lustily.

"Hup, hup—hold on there!" yelled the other. "What d'ye mean, yankin' a feller like that. Haven't you any respect for age, boy?"

"Not for a sneak like you!" retorted the angry boy captain.

"I'm not a sneak——"

"You sneaked aboard while my back was turned, at any rate," cried Phil. "I ought to toss you overboard."

"Oh, no, you won't do that!" and the man grinned inanely.

"Where did you get aboard?"

"Not at Ironport you bet."

"I am aware of that. It was at St. Ignace."

"True for you, Cap'n Hatchway. Now I'm here you can't drown me as you would a mess of kittens. I'll work my passage to Muskegon——"

"Not much you won't!"

"Oh, well, just as you like. You don't make any other port till we get there do you?"

"No, nor shall I make that," rasped Phil. "You'll be landed in Chicago, and in the hands of the police of that city."

"I guess not."

The hands, long of finger, and claw-like, went out, grasping the boy captain's arms above the elbow. When the annoyed skipper would shake him off, the bony clutch tightened till Phil thought he heard the bones crack. When he attempted to move on, the man lifted him from the deck with seeming ease, whirled him twice over like a wheel, landing him, dizzy and amazed, on his feet.

Such strength in an old man was surprising.

"You see, boy, I am no infant," jeered the thin lips of the intruder.

"Let me go."

"When you promise to be good and land me at Muskegon."

"I will make no promises."

For an instant the old man stood debating. At length he released his grasp on Phil, [illegible] with a forced laugh:

"Oh, well, what's the [illegible]"

The boy skipper stood, flushed and angry, gazing after the retreating form of his enforced passenger.

"The scalawag!" he muttered under his breath. "I'll land him in the hands of the police at Chicago as sure as the world is round."

"Which it isn't," chuckled a voice in his ear; "it's slightly flattened at the poles as every schoolboy knows."

The objectionable passenger had turned back to chuckle over his victory.

Phil said nothing further, resolving to make the best of necessity. He could not very well dispose of his unwelcome passenger till a port was reached, altho he might have sent him adrift in an open boat had the Skylark been able to spare such an appendage. There were only two small boats, which were needed in case of a wreck.

On the second day after this, black clouds rolled up in the west, and a storm threatened. The man calling himself Job Kinderhook, altho Phil knew he was not that personage, exhibited signs of being an able seaman, and offered his services without reserve.

Despite his apparent friendliness, Phil Hatchway could not get over distrusting the motives of the elderly passenger. Soon after night fell the storm burst in considerable fury. Sails were furled, and soon the Skylark was scudding down the lake under bare poles.

Phil liked the wild aspect of a storm at sea. He had sailed with his father many times when the lightning's red glare and thunder's sullen roll fretted the heavens. Tonight the boy skipper kept to the deck, enjoying in a measure the fury of the elements. While he stood by the rail aft he felt a touch on his arm.

"Better go below," said a voice in his ear. "It isn't quite safe, you know."

"What are you doing here, old man?"

"Just come to visit. I like the storm. It gives me just the excitement I crave. Ha! Look there!"

Phil felt his head turn. On the instant a pair of strong hands seized and lifted him from his feet, poising his body far out over the boiling waters of the storm-tossed sea!

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE instant that he was thus seized Phil Hatchway knew that he was in the hands of his physical master. He had felt once before the power of those talon-like fingers and realized the intention of the owner. As he felt himself swung over the rail, the boy skipper turned half over, with a mighty wrench, and laid hold of the long gray hair of his assailant.

"You go with me, villain!" screamed Phil.

A mocking laugh filled his ears as the gray locks came free from the man's head—he wore a wig!

Thus was the duplicity of the man exposed.

This came too late, however, to avoid a catastrophe. As the boy's fingers snatched the false hair they hooked themselves into the rolling collar of the assaulter, where, despite all the efforts of the man, they clung in a grip of death.

"Loosen up, you young panther!" hissed the disguised villain.

Phil tried desperately to regain the deck. In his struggles he drew his assailant across and over the rail.

Both went overboard, the man letting out a tremendous yell as he realized that he had perhaps doomed himself to the fate he had marked out for the boy captain. The two, deeply submerged in the heaving sea, continued the struggle for the mastery.

Phil felt that probably he was in the hands of a madman, whose strength was supernatural. Twist and turn as he would, his assailant was ever there, unshaken, determined on doing to death the boy commander of the schooner Skylark. What it was all for passed understanding. Phil knew of no enemy who would desire his death.

It was nearer an equal fight in the water. Fortunately Phil Hatchway was an agile swimmer, while his enemy seemed lost in the water.

Finally the boy, strong as a small ox when aroused, succeeded in pushing his enemy's head under water, where his struggles grew fainter and fainter. Should he drown the villain who had clearly attempted his life?

Phil eased up; in fact, he pulled the strangling face of the other to the surface, where it gasped and breathed chokingly once more. The man was, however, too weak to prove a dangerous antagonist thereafter.

And now Phil glanced about for the schooner. A [illegible] expanse of water alone met his gaze. He called [illegible], but the sound of the roaring gale cut short the outcry. Not one aboard the Skylark had witnessed that battle for the mastery. The stanch schooner had continued on her course, and was now well down in the distance, so far, in fact, that her lights were no longer visible.

How long could he keep afloat? This was the problem that now faced our boy hero. He knew that the man who had so savagely assaulted him, with intent to do murder, was no longer a factor in the case. In fact, he was an inert mass upon the water, evidently near to strangulation from the water he had swallowed.

The boy skipper realized his position with compelling force. He could no longer keep the man's face above water if he would save himself from sinking. It was with no little regret that he withdrew from contact with his enemy. It would have been like Phil Hatchway to have secured the pretended Mr. Kinderhook and taken him before the courts for punishment. Fate provided otherwise. The wicked would-be assassin had doomed himself instead of the boy he had thought to drown. He was certainly a victim of his own evil passions.

Phil did not see the man sink. He was too deeply interested in saving himself, which was a great problem, considering that he was out in the middle of Lake Michigan with nothing between him and destruction save his skill as an expert swimmer. Doubtless the vesselmen would in time discover his loss, but that would be too late to render him any aid.

Tossing his thick masses of hair out of his eyes, Phil struck out for somewhere. He rose and fell on the waves, battling to keep afloat as long as possible. The man who had tried to murder him was gone. Perhaps his secret would die with him. Phil had no time for speculation now. Seeming inevitable death stared him in the face.

Half an hour after Phil and the strange passenger had gone over the rail into Lake Michigan, one of the crew discovered the absence of both. Beesmer, the mate, instituted a hasty search. Neither was to be found on the vessel.

"Jest as I feared," expressed one of the crew.

"What's that, Jack?" from the mate.

"It was that dodrotted Kinderhook."

"What about him?"

"He didn't come on board the Skylark fur any good," declared the sailor. "I didn't like his eye. Now he and the cap'n are missing—they're in the lake as sure as you're born, Mr. Beesmer."

"It looks like it," admitted the troubled mate, who gave orders to get out the lifeboat.

"Putty tough storm fur that."

"No back talk; get out the boat," ordered Beesmer.

This was done. The mate and one of the men manned the oars. They shot away in the gloom; but were soon back without success. Meantime two of the crew threw some boxes and boards into the sea.

"What'll be done now ther cap'n's gone?" queried one of the men.

"I shall sail the Skylark and report at Muskegon," returned the mate.

Considerable speculation was indulged in. Every man of the small crew loved the captain, and felt cast down at this unexpected disaster. Beesmer ordered other bits of wood tossed into the sea, then settled down to looking after navigating the craft as chief skipper.

The tossing overboard of those bits of floatage proved the salvation of the boy skipper. When pretty nearly tired out, and ready to sink, something struck his chin, flung by the force of the waves—a good-sized plank, which the youth grasped with a thrill of joy.

"Saved!" he gasped, as he drew his breast upon the plank and lay exhausted on its surface.

It required considerable skill to retain his clutch upon the floating strip of pine. He managed it, however, and after straining his eyes for a long time without seeing anything of the schooner, he closed them, resigning himself to the inevitable.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the long hours remaining of that night of suffering and suspense.

With the dawning of day came what the boy castaway hoped would be a rescue. Far across the tumultuous sea a smoke trailed low on the horizon—a distant steamer making northward toward the Straits. Phil had no way of giving a signal to the passing boat, and his buoyant feelings took a downward turn when he saw the smoke die away in the distance with no notice paid to him.

The storm was fast falling away, yet the waves tossed the shipwrecked boy hither and yon, with no seeming desire to do him a good turn. The air sweep-

(Continued on Page 19.)

FREE ASTHMA REMEDY

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Bldg., St. Marys, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for asthma in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by mail to anyone who will write him for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge. • • •

* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491. Blairsville, Pa.

YOUR NEXT SUIT FREE

Send postal today for full information how to get your new suit, made to measure, without a penny's cost. $30 to $40 would not buy a better one. Simply wear it, tell your friends where you got it—take their orders—and make

$10 to $15 a Day

in your spare time. It is dead easy—you never saw a nobbier suit or a more stunning pattern, cut in very latest style. Your choice of 60 fabrics and 52 styles. Drop us a postal card for heavy pattern book, inside information about styles, self-measuring blanks, etc. DON'T WAIT. We prepay Delivery Charges. Mail Postal NOW!

American Woolen Mills Co.
Dept. 1108 Chicago

FREE YOURSELF

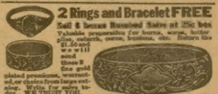
DON'T BE A NICOTINE SLAVE

Is Tobacco Your Master? TOBACCO ABSTAINER the greatest Discovery of Science, will relieve you in from 10 to 24 hours. No desire after first treatment. We give you a *written guarantee*, you are to be the *SOLE JUDGE*. TOBACCO ABSTAINER removes all desire for Pipe, Cigar or Cigarette Smoking, Tobacco Chewing or Snuff Using. STOP undermining you health. Write TODAY for our free book explaining how our discovery will free you from the shackles of the Tobacco Habit.

HERWIN PHARMACAL CO.
Dept. 3 St. Louis, Mo.

2 Rings and Bracelet FREE

Sell 6 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25c box



Valuable preparation for burns, sores, tetter, piles, catarrh, corns, bunions, etc. Return the $1.50 and we will send these 3 fine gold plated premiums, warranted, or choice from large catalog. Write for salve today. WE TRUST YOU.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO. Box 305 Woodsboro, Md.

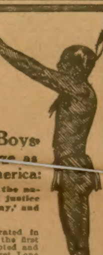
Don't Whip Children

Or scold older persons who wet the bed or are unable to control their water during the night or day, for it is not a habit but a Disease. If you have any Kidney, Bladder or Urinary Weakness, write today for a Free Package of our Harmless Remedy. When permanently relieved tell your friends about it. Send No Money. Address:

ZEMETO CO. Dept. 24. Milwaukee Wis.

PILES cured at home. Medicine Mailed Free. Kuro Remedy Co., Dept. 11, Kansas City, Missouri.

144,554 LONE SCOUTS


Lone Scout Indian

MEMBERSHIP BADGE

FIRST DEGREE BADGE (Bronze)

SECOND DEGREE BADGE (Bronze)

THIRD DEGREE BADGE (Silver)

In 61 Weeks, 144,554 Boys have taken the following pledge as members of Lone Scouts of America:

"I pledge my allegiance to my flag and the nation for which it stands, with liberty and justice for all. I will 'Do a Useful Thing Each Day,' and be worthy of the name, Lone Scout."

The Lone Scouts of America was incorporated in Washington, District of Columbia, in 1915. At the first meeting of the incorporators, by-laws were adopted and W. D. Boyce was elected Chief Totem. The first Lone Scout took the pledge on October 26, 1915.

1 The Lone Scouts of America is for all wide-awake, ambitious boys everywhere. Any boy who can understand the pledge is eligible to membership. The pledge is so worded as to make the organization world-wide, including any boy living under some other flag than the United States flag. The Lone Scouts of America encourages patriotism, but is not a military organization in any sense.

2 The purpose of the Lone Scouts of America is to give the boys all the advantages of the Boy Scout movement (which was started in the United States by W. D. Boyce, Chief Totem of the Lone Scouts) while permitting them to operate alone if it is not convenient for them to belong to Tribes. Woodcraft and Scouting are only a part of the instructions. The Lone Scout motto is: "Do a Useful Thing Each Day." Every boy who lives up to this motto is going to be a successful man.

3 There are no membership dues or fees to pay; no expensive equipment for boys or their parents to buy. The Lone Scouts of America is not a money-making proposition. The organization is supported by the sale of its weekly magazine, "Lone Scout," in which instructions are given the Scouts. "Lone Scout" is sold by news agents for 3 cents a copy. Subscription rates, 25 cents four months, 75 cents a year.

4 As a member progresses in his Scout work he is awarded Degrees with appropriate Badges, and these Degrees make up Lodges. Badges of the first three Degrees (Tepee Lodge) are shown on the left. After the Tepee Lodge comes the Totem Pole Lodge. A member in this Lodge is entitled to put up a Lone Scout Totem Pole, upon which is placed a record of his Degrees.

5 In applying for membership, fill out the Application Blank given below, and send it with 2-cent stamp.

W. D. BOYCE, Chief Totem,
500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

CUT OUT HERE

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

CHIEF TOTEM, 500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

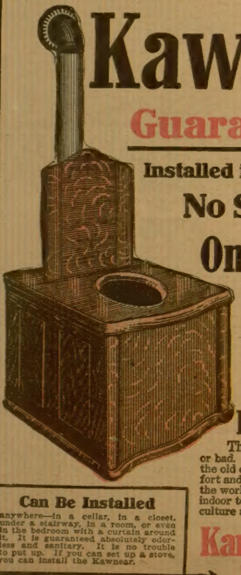
Date ....1916.

I am ready, with consent of my parents or guardian, to take the Lone Scout Pledge, which I have read. Herewith find 2 cents in stamps to pay for mailing Certificate of Membership in the Lone Scouts of America, First Degree Instructions and Tribe Booklet.

Name .... Age ....

Town .... State ....

St. No., P. O., or R. F. D. ....



Kawnear Indoor Toilet

Guaranteed Sanitary and Odorless

Installed in Any Room, Closet, Stairway or Cellar Without Expense.

No Sewer, No Water, No Smell, No Trouble

On FREE TRIAL

No Money Down
No Deposit!

ECONOMICAL, Modern. Protects health, Saves money, Saves time and Work. The Kawnear Chemical Toilet is the original and thoroughly proven satisfactory Indoor Toilet. No more outside back yard inconveniences. No cesspool or plumbing. Destroys all disease germs. Prevents exposure, filth and bad odors of outhouse. Costs less than one cent a week per person. No trouble to install.

Insures Health, Refinement, Privacy

The environment in which we live has its effect whether for good or bad. Now that the Kawnear Chemical Indoor Toilet has been invented to replace the old outhouse, it is sure to be installed by those who abhor the publicity, discomfort and stench of the present outhouses. Women are embarrassed to parade before the world and hate to advertise their goings and comings, all because they have no indoor toilet. Thinking people know that an outdoor toilet hinders the teachings of culture and refinement—especially with growing girls and boys.

Can Be Installed

anywhere—in a cellar, in a closet, under a stairway, in a room, or even in the bedroom with a curtain around it. It is guaranteed absolutely odorless and sanitary. It is no trouble to put up. If you can set up a stove, you can install the Kawnear.

For Young—Old—Sick

Grandmother, grandfather, old and feeble, need this. Many a sick person is made worse by going to outside closet; old people fall or take cold. Save the annoyance of caring for chambers and give them the comfort of a toilet in a warm room. Think what it means to the MOTHER with small children and the [illegible] and sleep [illegible]

Convenience

The Kawnear saves you from work, worry and exposure; no need to bundle up in cold, rainy, stormy weather; no necessity to dress to answer Nature's call at night. Mother won't have to make the disagreeable trips several times each day with the little ones. She won't need to empty chambers for those too weak, indolent, or sick to stand exposure to the cold caused by the trips to the old-fashioned, out of date, unsanitary outhouse.

Renters

If you rent you can still have the comfort of a Kawnear Toilet for your loved ones, as the installing of this toilet does not injure the house and you can take your toilet with you when you move, the same as you do your sewing machine.

Kansas State BOARD OF HEALTH Indorses The Kawnear Toilet

Acting upon the request of one of the big public service corporations who wanted to install Sanitary Toilets, the Secretary of the Board of health made an exhaustive test of the KAWNEAR Toilet and our D. D. Chemical. Under adverse conditions, with PUBLIC USE it was demonstrated that the KAWNEAR is **Sanitary and Odorless** [illegible] kills disease [illegible]

STATE OF KANSAS
DEPARTMENT OF THE
STATE BOARD OF HEALTH
S. J. CRUMBINE, M. D., Secretary, Director of Division of Public Health Education.

KAWNEAR CABINET CO.,
Kansas City, Mo.

I am enclosing copy of letter received from Prof. C. C. Young, detailing the result of investigation of the chemical action of the Kawnear Cabinet. It would seem that the use of the Kawnear Cabinet as directed was highly efficient in that it destroys all disease bearing organisms.

I would highly recommend the use of this cabinet with the dosage of chemicals directed, for public schools, in the home and other places where the sanitary disposal of human waste is so important.

Ordinarily we refuse to give testimonials that can be used in a commercial way, but the improvement in the disposal of human waste is so tremendously important that we are willing to waive our usual custom and caution and give you this letter.

The most dangerous single place on the farm or in the small town which is a menace to the life and health of individuals is the open, insanitary toilet.

This department welomes and desires to encourage from the standpoint of health the use of the chemical toilet. They not only safe-guard the health and the life of the people using them, but from the standpoint of cleanliness, convenience and comfort are well worth the small cost.

S. J. CRUMBINE, M. D., Secy.

TEST [illegible] Kansas University Proves Value of Our Claims

Prof. C. C. Young in Kansas University made a thorough test of the KAWNEAR Toilet with a number of students (public use) using the toilet. Read what he says:

KAWNEAR CABINET CO.
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sir:—On the attached pages are tabulated results of the experimental test done in the laboratory with the Kawnear Toilet.

At the request of Doctor Crumbine, Secretary of the State Board of Health we started a test on the Kawnear Cabinet. The equipment was set up in the public toilet room of Snow Hall, University of Kansas, October 1st, and it was examined several times daily and tests made.

We succeeded in getting a satisfactory elimination of bacteria with the dosage as directed and we conclude from our investigation that the Kawnear Cabinet is entirely satisfactory for domestic or public use and that if operated according to directions will eliminate nuisance and prevent the carrying of disease by flies and render human excrement innocuous.

At no time has it given any odor and we consider the efficiency very satisfactory and can most certainly recommend it for unsewered residences or communities and highly efficient in killing out the fecal bacteria.

C. C. YOUNG, Director of Laboratory.

Health Boards, Schools, Doctors, Banks, Users, All Indorse The KAWNEAR

HOYT STATE BANK.

In answer to yours of the 3d in regard to our Chemical Closet, I will say that we like it very well. It is odorless and we empty it only once a month.

Very truly yours,
J. R. BURNS, Asst. Cashier,
Hoyt, Kan.

BOARD OF HEALTH, S. DAKOTA.

This is to certify that I am [illegible] one cabinet type [illegible] in my [illegible] odorless and perfectly sanitary; in fact, all that the people claim for it. As a Sanitary Officer, it appears to me the ideal toilet for school houses as well as residences.

(Signed) W. S. VERCOE,
Superintendent State Board of Health, South Dakota.

PRES. BOARD OF EDUCATION.

In answer to your inquiry about the "Sanitary Closets" will say, we installed three of them last year on trial, and found them perfectly satisfactory, and this year we installed a number more of them.

We have a sewer system, and two of our school buildings are connected with it. In our High School building we have a fine flush system installed, but that room is no freer from odor than is the room where the Sanitary Closets are installed.

We have one building that is too far away from the sewer to be connected without a great deal of expense, so we put in these Sanitary Closets, and we find that the expense of running them is less than the water costs for the flush system, which we have connected to the sewer.

I believe you will make no mistake in putting them in.

AMOS LEUTY, M. D.,
President Board of Education,
Morris, Minnesota.

Costs Only 1c A Week

Per Person to Operate.

Description of Kawnear Indoor Toilet No. 35.

The lid is of solid wood—not veneered—glued in sections to prevent warping. Three-way hinges of polished brass and neat design allow the cover to swing smoothly and noiselessly. When raised, the lid rests against a pyramid bumper and holds the seat in an upright position.

The seat is especially well constructed for beauty, strength and utility, scientifically shaped to give the greatest comfort.

The front panel is five-ply, built up and veneered with one sheet (no joints) of veneer. Side panels are three-ply veneered to prevent warping—like solid wood would do.

A removable metal shield, with an opening corresponding with the opening in the seat, covers the entire top of the cabinet, so that when the cover and seat are raised the cabinet is immediately converted into a men's urinal.

Inside the cabinet is a 10½ gallon container made of galvanized steel—about the thickness of the steel used in shovels—enameled inside and should last a lifetime.

DIMENSIONS:—Height, 18 inches (same as your chairs); width, 20 inches; length, front to back, 28 inches; ventilating pipe, 4 inches in diameter.

Kawnear Chemical

Does Deodorize, Disinfect and Kill Disease Germs.

We furnish with each toilet one gallon of the famous Kawnear D. D. Chemicals, which will last the average family from four to six months. We manufacture and guarantee D. D. Chemicals and sell to our toilet users at the cost to handle, which is $1.50 a gallon. The Kawnear does not need daily attention—only once in two weeks it takes 10 minutes to empty and recharge.

Positive Guarantee

We absolutely guarantee that the Kawnear Toilet is odorless and sanitary and that our D. D. Chemical does everything we claim for it, and more. We know it is O. K. Try it in your own home. If it doesn't please you, if you aren't satisfied, send it back. You are to be the judge. Two of the biggest banks in Kansas City say we are all right and make good every promise.

Sent To You On 10 Days Free Trial

Kawnear Cabinet Co.

1606 Waldheim Bldg.,
Kansas City, Mo.

Free Trial Information Coupon

KAWNEAR CABINET CO.,
1606 Waldheim Bldg., Kansas City. Mo.

Please send me without obligation, complete information regarding the famous Kawnear Toilet and your Free Trial Offer.

Name ____________________

Street, R. F. D. or Box ____________________

City ____________ State ____________

Please Write Very Plain.

The Boy Skipper

(Continued From Page 17.)

ing up from sunrise land was milder than it had been the previous day, so that Phil had no fear of freezing.

Hour after hour passed on. The sun climbed high in the heavens, then hid its face behind a passing cloud. No other steamer hove in sight, altho the dripping boy fancied he saw far down to the southward the glimmer of a sail. This passed, however, and a tenantless waste confounded his hopes.

It must have been past the noon hour, judging from his faintness of stomach, that Phil caught sight of something, a gull's dipped wing, perhaps, in the far distance. The boy watched this latest sign of human life with renewed hope.

The object thus sighted enlarged each minute, till it soon showed up plainly as a small sail. Phil was ready to shout for joy when he saw the craft point its nose directly toward him. The wind had dropped to a gentle breeze and was almost a calm when it came within hailing distance, proving to be a small sailboat with but one occupant.

"Well, of all the saints!" exclaimed a voice from the occupant of the boat, who seemed to be staring at Phil on his plank thru a pair of immense smoked glasses.

The sailboat pulled up into the wind.

"Hold right where you are, and I'll come aboard," called Phil, slipping from his plank, striking stiffly out toward the boat.

"Be careful there, awful careful!" warned the boatman. "Don't tip us over, mind that now."

"Not the least danger," hoarsely breathed the young skipper, as he drew himself up over the stern of the sailboat, dragging his wet limbs alongside the youth at the tiller.

"There, you measly cur, see what you've done!" whined the queer-looking chap who was till now the sole occupant of the boat. He gazed dubiously down at his dripping trousers.

"Never mind," cheerfully assured Phil. "I'll buy you a whole new suit when we get where they sell 'em."

"They don't sell them on Bear Island, I reckon."

"Is that where you are from?"

Phil regarded the gaunt form of a youth of perhaps 16, whose long thin face, sallow skin and attenuated frame, signified ill health or a long fast.

It seemed to Phil that the fellow's face was not unfamiliar.

"Where were you going?" he asked.

"I saw this speck out here and sailed for it. I'm an admiral's son, you know, born and brought up on the salt water. It's [illegible] merest streak of bad luck that I am sojourning on Bear Island. Been there since day before yesterday. I'm a sailor, sir——"

"So am I," said Phil.

"Oh, are you? How lucky!"

"Why lucky?"

"That'll make it all the more pleasant for both of us," avowed the other. "There's no congenial company on the island. You and I will get on all right. I'm glad I found you. Shipwrecked?"

"Yes," replied Phil.

"Bad storm last night. All lost?"

"Only one besides myself," answered our boy skipper.

The boatman put out a thin hand and gave Phil's fingers a vigorous squeeze.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this interesting story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

❧

THE OLD CLOCK.

What is it the old clock says
  All the long day thru?
"Look out, little boy and girl,
  I am watching you!
Is your face as clean as mine,
  Careless Johnny Boy?
Do your busy hands, like mine,
  Find in work a joy?"
"When 'tis time to go to school
  Hear how loud I tick!
Well you know what I would say—
  'Hurry, hurry, quick.'"
This is what the old clock says
  All the long day thru;
Look out, little boy and girl—
  He is watching you.

❧

DIOGENES' TUB.

The tub in which Diogenes, the cynic, made his home was a great earthen jar, discarded from the Cybele temple. It had been used for wine or oil for the sacrifices of the temple and was sufficiently large to allow the philosopher a reclining place.

The truth of this tale has been called into question, altho it is said that during the Peloponnesian War the Athenians dwelt in just such vessels and that even after the death of Diogenes such receptacles were used as dwelling-places by the poor.

❧

WRONG GUESS.

A teacher was giving to her class an exercise in spelling and defining words: "Thomas," she said to a curly haired little boy, "spell 'ibex.'" "I-b-e-x." "Correct. Define it." "An ibex," answered Thomas, after a prolonged mental struggle, "is where you look in the back part of the book when you want to find anything that's printed in the front of the book."

LITTLE NEW YEAR.

The old, old Year goes out at the door,
  But the little New Year comes in;
And to take the place of the squandered days
  There's a Year just about to begin!

He's a dear little chap, is the small New Year,
  And deep in his eyes of blue
Is the promise of all the joy that life
  Is holding in store for you.

Health's shining there—if you'll cross your heart
  To live with a wise discretion—
And then follows Sleep, and then follows Play,
  And Love joins the dim procession.

And trailing behind are the ghosts of the years
  That wait on the Grown-Up Shore,
And haunt all the paths of After-a-While
  That lead to the Future's door.

The New Year stands on his tippy-toes
  And puts in your two brown hands
The reins of his steeds, I CAN and I WILL,
  To drive thru the deep life sands.

And hard he stares with his wistful eyes,
  Wond'ring if you'll get thru—
And hoping that all of the dreams he's dreamed
  Will have the good taste to come true.

—Katherine Faith.

❧

THE MOON CHILDREN.

Long ago, before astronomers had begun to take care of the Moon and put it into ugly almanacs every month, it was much pleasanter to think about. The New Moon stuff was piled up in great soft clouds like sunset clouds, only not quite so yellow—more like vanilla ice cream, you know. You could not always see it—only when the sun was shining in a particular way upon it; but the Moon Children always knew just where to find it, and the moons were always ready exactly at the right time.

A little while before sunset on New Moon night a darling little wee girl went flying to the Moon Cloud, and said, in a silvery sweet voice:

"Where is my dear New Moon?"

Then a voice said, "Here it is," and out of the soft cloud rolled a lovely New Moon, all shaped and smooth, ready to be hung in the sky.

The little wee girl softly clasped her dimpled hands around the New Moon, and they flew away together till they found the New Moon's place, near the sunset. They stayed together for two whole weeks, but every night they went a little farther away from the sunset, and both the New Moon and the little wee girl kept growing larger, till at last they were too big to stay as New Moon any longer. Then the little wee girl kissed the New Moon, saying:

"Good-by, darling New Moon; go and shine forever."

Then the New Moon broke into a thousand pieces, and each piece became a little star, and found its place in the wide blue sky to shine forever. The little wee girl came down to the earth, and when she found a little girl of her own age who was sweet and good, she stayed with her and played with her, and they grew up together. No one ever saw the little Moon Child, for she was an angel from far up above the sky; but she was always beside her little chosen earth girl, trying to keep her good and happy.

As soon as the New Moon was gone another little girl went and got the Full Moon out of the Moon Cloud, just as the little wee girl had got her New Moon. But the Full Moon girl was older, and she had more to do. Her Moon was larger, and had to draw the tides in the sea, and scatter the clouds in the sky, and turn the storms, and make newly planted seeds grow quickly, and to shine gladly upon weddings; and oh, it had many other things to do which can only be done by the Full Moon; so it is no wonder that both the little girl and the Moon were tired enough after two weeks, and were glad to rest.

The little girl kissed her Moon good-by, and flew down to the earth to be a companion to some gentle, pure-hearted girl of her own age, for she, too, was an angel. The Full Moon was too old to make stars out of, so the queer old woman who lives at the North Pole among the polar bears, came and carried it away to make Northern Lights of it. Some say she keeps all the old moons in a wonderful box made of ice, and when she opens the box to look at her treasures the light streams out all across the sky, and then we see the Northern Lights. After the old woman carried off the Old Moon another little wee girl came down and brought a New Moon; then came the Full Moon girl, and so on every month till December.

The December New Moon has always been the best and dearest, for in December comes Christmas. A tall, beautiful angel then came, standing in the lovely New Moon, and, holding in her arms a baby angel with loving eyes and outstretched arms, she said, in a voice like the sweetest music:

"I am the New Year angel, and I wish you all a Happy New Year."

❧ ❧ ❧

UNFORTUNATE HENRY.

"Don't bother because I won't marry you, Henry," said Angeline, kindly. "There are just as good fish in the sea."

"I know that, Angie," said Henry, despondently, "but the sea makes me so seasick I can't catch 'em."

THIS 5-PASSENGER TOURING CAR AUTO FREE!

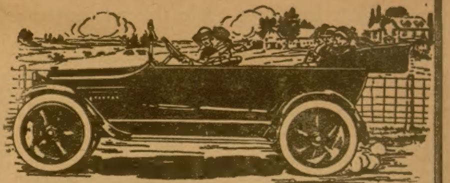
EASIER TO WIN THAN ANY OTHER CONTEST

This contest will not be advertised and pushed like so many others. There will be fewer contestants than in other contests and if you start right away you can win easily, this 1917 model, fully equipped, five-passenger touring car.

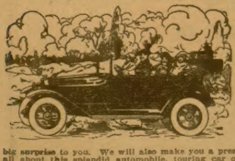
THIS AUTO FREE

A fine new five-passenger touring car will be given away absolutely free to some one who acts right away. Wouldn't you be happy and proud to own this fine automobile? Think of the fun you can have taking your friends out riding. And how all your relatives would enjoy the car. Hundreds of men, women, boys and girls all over the country are winning automobiles, etc. They win by starting early. As soon as they see the advertisement and puzzle they go to work and solve it and so get a great big start in the contest.

You can win this automobile in addition to splendid prizes such as watches, cameras and other things you like. Write us today sending your answer to the picture puzzle, with the faces marked, with four cents in stamps to help pay the postage and mailing expenses of the present you have won.



Solve the Puzzle and Win a Prize



This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In this picture there are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. It is not so easy to find the faces in this picture, but by close search and by twisting and turning the picture around, they will be revealed to you. Can you find them?

YOU WILL WIN A PRIZE

If you do; try it, don't give up. It will pay you. When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the picture and mail it to us. When your answer is received we will send you a prize which we know you will appreciate, and it will be a big surprise to you. We will also make you a present of 2,000 free Auto votes, and tell you all about this splendid automobile, touring car or roadster, which we are going to give away. We will give away many other prizes for just a little effort.

W. D. Boyce Company, Auto Contest Manager, Dept. X
500-514 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen: I have marked the four faces on the picture puzzle which I am sending you, together with four cents in stamps to help pay the postage and mailing expenses of the prize you have for me. Please tell me how I can become the owner of this five-passenger touring car delivered to me absolutely free. Also send me my certificate of entry and 2,000 free votes toward winning it. Let me know also how to earn cash commissions and the many splendid prizes you have for me.

My name is..........

P. O., R. F. D., Box No., or St. No..........

Town.......... State..........

2000 VOTES FREE

To test your quickness and to give you a good head start we are printing the auto prize puzzle picture shown to the left. In this picture there are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun to find. Solve the puzzle, mark the faces, fill out the coupon and send it all to us with four cents in stamps to help pay the cost of mailing the special prize we will send you. We will also make you a present of 2,000 free auto votes and tell you all about this splendid five-passenger touring car. We are also going to give away many other prizes.

OTHER REWARDS TO ALL

This is the easiest and most liberal contest ever announced. It is so arranged that every one who takes part in the contest will be richly rewarded for everything, little or big, that one does. Remember you get the extra rewards right away. There is no waiting. You get splendid prizes and cash rewards without delay.

Up here in our big building we have boxes and boxes of golden treasures that are yours almost for the asking. We will give away hundreds of bicycles, phonographs, watches, flashlights, sets of dishes and many other presents too numerous to mention. Our plan is so simple that it seems more like a dream than a reality. Everybody gets a prize. We are a big company and delight in giving away valuable premiums to advertise our great weekly papers. Get your share of these presents. Solve the puzzle and mail the coupon now, before you turn this page. Get in on this grand prize distribution.

DON'T WAIT—MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

We want to impress on you that it is very necessary to start at once. We are determined to give this automobile to some one free and it might as well be you. Don't delay another minute. Find at least four of the partly hidden faces on the puzzle picture, mark each with a cross (X), fill out the coupon, cut out the picture and coupon and mail them to us with four cents to help pay the cost of mailing expenses for the fine prize which we will send you for solving the puzzle. We will also give you 2,000 free votes toward winning this auto. There are no losers. You get prizes for everything you do—many of them. We will help you win this auto if you are quick. Mail the coupon right away. Address

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY,
500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois

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This book has been very expensive to make but I want you to have one, because it proves that I Save you Money—lots of it, and because looking through it is equal to visiting all my eight big stores and warehouses in Pittsburgh, New York and Cincinnati. Without leaving your home, without the discomforts of shopping, you can, with your family to help, take your own time in selecting the furniture and household goods you want.

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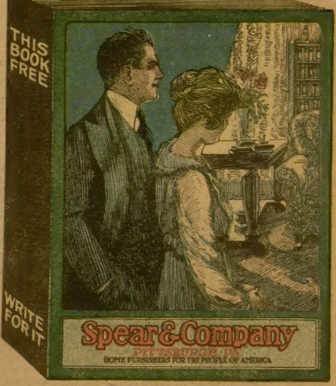

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Send Only 50c With Order

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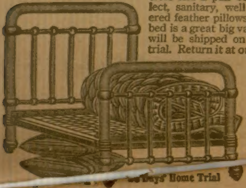

Total Price $11.95

Order No. E386. Terms: 50c cash with order, balance 50c monthly.

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I have full confidence in everyone who wants to make his or her home pleasant, refined and well furnished. After all these years my faith in the profound honesty of the American home-maker cannot be shaken.

My terms are easy, and you will have the longest time to pay. All my dealings are confidential, fair and liberal. Why delay in getting the things you have long yearned for, when this fine, big opportunity is before you?

Nowhere else will you get better terms or lower prices. I am ready to open your charge account as soon as I hear from you.

30 Days' Home Trial Money Back Offer

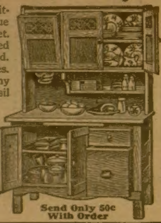
When you deal with the House of Spear your satisfaction must be complete or I don't want to take your money. I want every customer to have only praise for his dealings with me.

All my merchandise is sent on 30 days' home trial and use with an Iron-Clad Guarantee that unless you are entirely pleased you can return any article after a month's trial. Your first payment will be refunded; I will pay all freight charges—you won't be out a penny.

This means that you can try anything we send you—if a carpet or rug put it on the floor, if a stove keep a fire in it—for thirty days. There are absolutely no strings to this offer. That's the way I like to do business, and that is why I am the Home Furnisher to the people of America.

Use this Kitchen Cabinet 30 Days

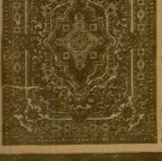
50c With Order and 50c a month pays for this Kitchen Cabinet. This is an ideal value in a fine, low priced kitchen cabinet. It is made of select solid oak finished golden. Material and workmanship guaranteed. The hardwood base top measures 41 by 26 inches. Has 45 pound capacity flour bin with sifter, roomy china closet and plenty of drawer and utensil space. Cupboard doors are fitted with attractive art glass, and all trimmings are of the neatest design. This cabinet will give the utmost of satisfaction, and will be shipped on 30 days' trial. Return at our expense if not satisfactory and your money will be refunded. Price **$11.95**



Send Only 50c With Order

Order No. E2828. Terms: 50c cash with order, balance 50c a month. Total price $11.95.

Remarkably-Beautiful Tapestry Brussels Room Rug



$13.95 Size 8½ x 11 Feet

It is difficult to describe in such a small space the merit of this new Tapestry Brussels rug. The face is made of serviceable wool carpet yarn, closely woven, and is an unusually striking pattern. The neat medallion center is rich and pleasing, neatly arranged with a rose wreath surrounding, and a very pretty border. Has brown, green, tan and light colorings. Our price of $13.95 is exceptionally low, and we will ship the rug to you on 30 days' home trial. If it does not please you, send it back at our expense and we will refund your first payment and money you have paid for freight.

Send Only 50c With Order

Order No. E5032. Terms: 50c cash with order, balance 75c a month. Total price $13.95.

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